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CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

1871.

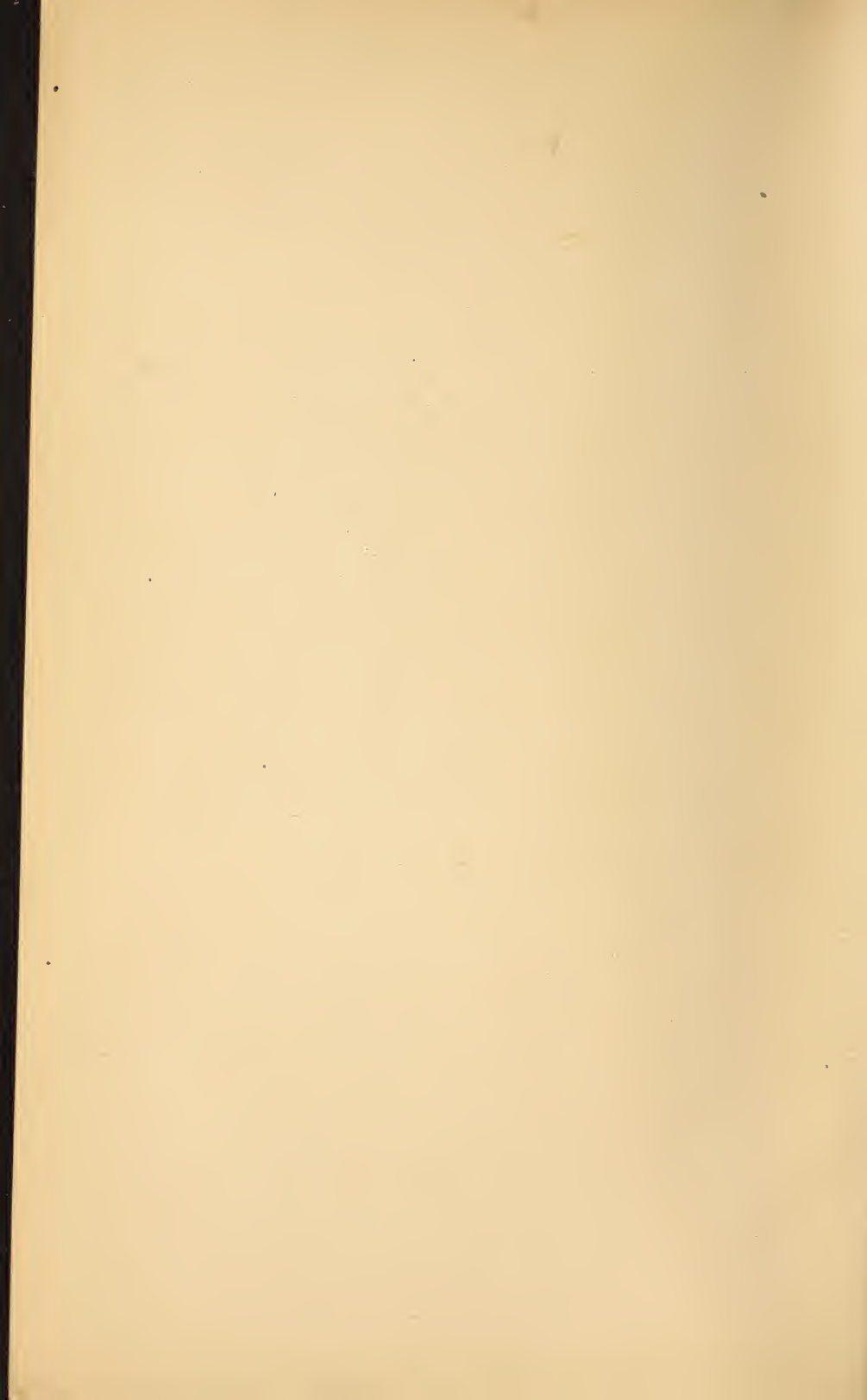
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



1771.

1871.

ADDRESSES AND PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

IN

SANBORTON, N. H.,

November 12 and 13, 1871.

COMPILED BY ORDER OF THE CHURCH,

By M. T. RUNNELS, Pastor.

HARTFORD, CONN:

PRESS OF CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD.

1872.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PRELIMINARY AND INTRODUCTORY, - - -	5
ORDER OF EXERCISES, - - -	8
"SERMON," - - -	9
REMARKS AT THE MEMORIAL COMMUNION, - -	22
"HISTORICAL ADDRESS," - - -	27
PROCEEDINGS AT THE TOWN HALL, - -	64
APPENDIX, - - -	79

PRELIMINARY AND INTRODUCTORY.



The present situation of the Congregational Parish of Sanbornton, N. H., is peculiar. Fifty years ago the "Square," where the Church is located, was a large business centre; but now *all* trade and nearly all branches of mechanical industry have deserted that place and gone to the neighboring villages.

The present members of the Church and Society belong to *two* different towns, and go to no less than *seven* different localities for store and post-office accommodations.

The ecclesiastical tie is now the *only* one which holds the people to this ancient "hill of Zion." This survives all other bonds of connection, and is still a strong one. May it never be dissolved. With the view to perpetuating this bond of union by the hallowed memories of the past, though chiefly for the purpose of doing honor to the fathers and guardians of the Church through all its remarkable history, a plan was entered upon in 1870 to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its organization, in some appropriate way, the following year.

At a Church meeting, December 31, 1870, an expression was made by nearly every member present in favor of attempting such centennial observances.

At a subsequent meeting, March 4, 1871. Dea. Abraham B. Sanborn, Dea. Joseph Emery, and the Pastor, Rev. Moses T. Runnels, were chosen as a "Committee of Arrangements." The day of the Rev. Joseph Woodman's ordination in 1771, November 13, having on two occasions afterwards been observed by the Church as an *anniversary* day, and the evidence having increased that the Church was *probably* formed on that day or very near it, the precise date being

unknown, the Committee felt at liberty to select none other than *November* 13, 1871, for the Centennial Day, though knowing that the lateness of the season might serve as an objection to many minds.

Finding that this day came on *Monday*, it was resolved to observe also the *Sabbath preceding* by appropriate services, especially by a "Memorial Communion" season in the afternoon. It was also voted to invite Prof. Joseph C. Bodwell, of the Hartford Theological Seminary to deliver the "Historical Address" on Monday the 13th; and the Rev. Frederic T. Perkins, also of Hartford, Conn., to preach the "Sermon" on Sabbath morning of the 12th, with the understanding that the two, as sons of the Church, should officiate jointly at the Communion Table, on Sabbath, P. M.

It was further determined to extend *particular* or official *invitations only* to absent members of the Church, and to those who had formerly been members, so far as their present residences could be ascertained, with the understanding that individual members of the Church or Society might privately invite their absent friends at pleasure; also to send general notices of the meeting, a few Sabbaths in advance, to all the other churches of Sanbornton, and to those churches in Tilton, Franklin, and Hill, which originally were, in part, composed of Sanbornton material.

When the anniversary days arrived, the events of a favoring Providence proved the wisdom of these arrangements, and crowned them with success. The weather was all that could have been desired; both days clear, calm, resplendent, and decidedly, though not uncomfortably, cool; quite unlike the corresponding days in November, 1806, when Rev. Mr. Woodman was dismissed and Rev. Mr. Bodwell ordained, which are said to have been remarkably "warm and Summer like"; while now six inches of snow, which had fallen two days before, afforded "the first sleighing of the season," and thus gave opportunity to several aged people to be present at the exercises who could *not* otherwise have come. The audiences were composed of citizens of the town and friends of the Church from abroad, all evidently in deep sympathy with the occasion. They varied in numbers from 300 to 500, completely filling, but not thronging, the houses, so that all confusion was avoided.

All outward circumstances,—except the want of "*more time*" as night on the second day approached—tended to the success of the Celebration, and the heart-felt satisfaction of those engaged in it.

By a vote of the Church, January 6, 1872, copies of the sermon

of Rev. Mr. Perkins, and the address of Dr. Bodwell, "with sincere thanks for the same," were requested for publication. They are here presented to the public, with notices of the accompanying exercises, and with the added prayer that the great Head of the Church may *continue* to make them a means of spiritual profit and blessing, both to the present and to succeeding generations.

SANBORNTON, March 18, 1872.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

The exercises on Sunday A. M., November 12th, in the meeting-house (see Appendix, Note A) consisted of the Opening Services and Prayer by the Pastor, followed by the "Sermon" of the Rev. F. T. Perkins.

At intermission the Sabbath-School Concert exercises were of a memorial character, followed by appropriate remarks from Mr. Jona. P. Sanborn, of Tilton, and Mr. Joseph W. Lang, of Meredith Village. (See Appendix, Note B.)

In the P. M., before the Memorial Communion, passages of Scripture were read by the Pastor as follows: Exodus, xii. 21-27; Deut. vi. 20-25; Eph. ii. 13-22.

Administration of the Sacrament by Rev. Messrs. Bodwell and Perkins.

Programme of Exercises in the meeting-house, November 13th, commencing at 10½ A. M.

1. Announcement by the Marshal. (Appendix Note C.)
2. Voluntary by the Choir. (Appendix, Note D.)
3. Invocation and reading of the following select passages of Scripture by the Pastor: Ps. xlv. 1-4; Ps. cxxxii. 1-9 and 13-16; Ps. cxxxiii; Matt. xviii. 15-17; Matt. xvi. 16-18; Eph. iv. 4-8 and 11-13; Col. i. 16-18; Eph. iii. 20-21.
4. Singing by the Choir. "Denmark."
5. Prayer by the Rev. T. C. Pratt, of Tilton.
6. Singing by the Choir: 1025 Sabbath Hymn-Book.
7. "Historical Address," interluded by the singing of "Lenox": 120 Sabbath Hymn-Book, first and last stanzas.
8. Concluding Prayer by the Rev. N. P. Philbrick, of Northfield.
9. Singing by the Choir *and* Congregation. "Turner": 462 Sabbath Hymn-Book, first and last stanzas.
10. Further Announcement by the Marshal and adjournment to the Town Hall.

S E R M O N .

GOD AS LOVE IN CHRIST.

For this centennial occasion you may have expected something *historical* in character. But remembering that this is your communion Sabbath, and that history is to come to-morrow, I have chosen to bring to mind the great fact from which have come the life of the Church and all that is of value in your history for a hundred years,—

“GOD IS LOVE.” I John, 4, 8.

The proof of this—the most blessed fact of revelation—is given in the next verse: “In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.”

This is not merely *a* proof but *the* proof of the fact stated. God as love is found neither in nature nor in providence, till He is found in Christ.

Entering the Patent Office at Washington, one bright June morning, and examining the works of inventive minds, hour after hour, till brain-weary, and then, yielding to the influences of the place, I seemed in the presence of the living minds that had been darkly working their way into a friendly acquaintance with some of the principles and forces created of God for our willing servants, and caught bright glimpses of some grand design of good for man, outside of and above

nature—a foreshadowing of something better, as reddening clouds of morning herald the light coming up—I felt something of the warmth of a great *love* beyond; caught sounds as of distant heralds crying, “Behold your Saviour cometh!”

But Nature must feel the touch of a live coal from God’s altar, before she can utter the great words, “God is love.” And none but the Son of Man can put that coal to her lips. And no ear hears the voice when uttered till that also is touched by the finger of Jesus. We come to God in Christ to learn that “God is love.”

We stand in the presence of a great fact, hard, yet easy, to understand—impossible for the intellect alone, but easy for a right heart.

Power may be handled by the intellect. We find it exciting to work the great problems respecting the material universe. Intellect goes forth exulting also in her successful researches amid the exhibitions of wisdom.

But *love* is not so handled. Just here, more than anywhere else, is the blight of sin on the heart, on the power of loving, and so on the power of apprehending God. Love apprehends Him who is love.

God would reveal himself, not as power, not as wisdom, nor yet as mere goodness, but as love. This term expresses Him as no other term does. Other terms, as power and wisdom, express attributes. Love expresses that to which the attributes belong. What if God would be known as Almighty Power? How would He show himself to a world in sin? Who dare imagine what forms of wrath Omnipotence—out against the wicked—would assume? From what unseen hands retribution would play upon us? If displays of power were the main thing they would meet us every where. Great forces now sleeping quietly all around us, or cheerfully serving us, would come forth as ministers of evil. The earth, the clouds, the winds, all the elements, are full of mighty forces. Should the Almighty body himself forth in these to impress the world with the thought that He is all power, sudden terror would seize all hearts. Or, if knowledge was the one thing, without reference to beneficent ends, how unlike what now is.

I thus merely start a thought of much interest. Not as power or wisdom, but as love God would be known. He is not merely lovely, but is *Love* itself. A particular manifestation of this love we call goodness, wisdom, or power, truth, mercy, or justice, according to the specific act or work in mind. But that which is the source of them all is Love. Light may reveal itself in rays red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, or violet; but light is not expressed by either. It is the sum of them all. So it is with the love of God. Take up any line of truth and follow it out, and we come into the light of love.

Here then we stand in a universe illimitable, and through all its parts, laws, and ends, shines a light from a Sun beyond.

Upon the leaves of Nature God writes what He can; but only in the record of his Son can be found the three syllables, "God is love."

Here it may be well to forestall objections. From the fact of sin, from clouds of darkness overhanging us, from sorrows experienced, and woes denounced, objections arise. These may spring from ignorance or wickedness. Objections have sometimes been urged against God's wisdom. Astronomers have found among the heavenly bodies, irregularities, seemingly, against the perfection of God's work. A royal astronomer of England—Alphonso—impiously said, "If I had been by when God made the universe, I could have given Him some good advice." But advanced science finds established order in the seeming variations, and hence proofs *for*, not against creative wisdom. Hence the irresistible conviction that, with a correct understanding of all, we should find perfect wisdom in all. Science, as well as the Bible, rebukes the impiety that would instruct the All-wise. So it turns out, also, respecting objections to Divine goodness: as, e. g., the objection arising from our exposure to suffering. A careful examination shows that God has guarded against unnecessary suffering; that in covering the surface of the human system with sensitiveness, special pains have been taken to reduce suffering to the lowest point consistent with the safety of the body and the greatest practicable amount of happiness.

With increasing light comes the conviction that, could we see through every thing, we should find in every provision of the Creator, bright evidence of perfect goodness, and that, at the last, there will remain on pure minds, no shadow of doubt of Divine Goodness in any respect whatsoever. Here, too, what seemed an objection turns out a witness for God.

So in regard to God as Love. Finite minds find difficulties in the fact and in the consequences of sin. But what if unable to answer every question about the creation and treatment of moral beings? We may be sure that, as the appearance of imperfection in creation results from our ignorance, so seeming objections to God's love spring from our blindness or perverseness, and will, in the end, proclaim that love.

From what we *do* know we are assured that, when fully understood, every thing in creation, in providence, and in redemption, will prove the offspring and the expression of Infinite Love.

At the outset we find that the very difficulties standing in our way, the very sins and sorrows confronting us, do this against God's expressed wish; that they have broken in upon a system of order, and are at war upon its intended ends. Disorders and rebellions against the Federal Government prove, not the badness of the government, but of the men under it.

Then by the side of these very evils, thus intruding themselves, are special provisions to check, overrule, and remove them. God meets them in such a way as to show that there can be in his heart nothing but good will. When we come to see far enough we shall find that Omnipotence does not step in to prevent these evils because wisdom and goodness forbid.

But come to positive proof. "In *this* was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." Amid all other proofs, this one stands as a bright sun amid glimmering stars.

Love is estimated by its expressions in deeds, in sacrifices and sufferings: and these expressions are measured by the

characters making them. Thus we measure the devotion of loyal Americans to their institutions as expressed in their sacrifices to save them, and these sacrifices, the great heart-offerings of intelligent Christian men and women. But what if all in the service of the country had been as exalted as the President; great as the Prophets; good as the Apostles? Then how expressive the devotion, though for their own institutions and their own country! But greater still the offering so far as it was for the poor and the oppressed. But what if the noblest of Europe—kings and emperors—had crossed the Atlantic to lay down their lives for the sake of free institutions for us and for the world? What if the greatest and purest before the throne of God had taken our places and suffered for us? Then what an offering upon the Altar of Freedom!

But the Lord of angels, the King of kings—God—came in the flesh and laid His life upon the altar of Redemption. What thought can reach the height whence the Lord Jesus came? or take the great steps down to the low depths to which he went? What an expression of love! What a movement of God!

And for whom? Not for holy angels—not for beings ready to hail Him as a deliverer and bless Him for His goodness. For whom? “God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet *sinners* Christ died for us.” For us sinners—for us rebels against a perfect government—rebels worse than any ever in arms against our government. For guiltiest rebels Immanuel died.

For our President to sacrifice his life to save our government was a great sacrifice; but what to the offering of the Son of God for us—for *us all*—even for those now sinning by rejecting Him. With anything short of love as the sum and substance of His being, could God have made such a manifestation of Himself?

We were to be reached and lifted, not by the hand of Omnipotence, but only by the heart of love divine. Our Lord came forth in a form like our own; entered the ordinary conditions, met the common necessities of trial and temptation,

suffered death ! that He might come within the reach of our sympathies, within the embrace of our affections.

With this manifestation of love we are all familiar. From childhood we have heard and read it, thought and sung of it ; and yet it is so great we cannot grasp it. God is not to be brought within the little measure of our thought. Beside, the heart, not the mind, finds the true God. Love finds Him who is Love.

I can only touch the hem of the great subject, suggest points to awaken thought, that thinking we may open our hearts, and opening our hearts may come to know God. O, Spirit of Love ! Touch our hearts—open them—manifest in them Him who is Love !

Advancing as far as finite minds can go amid the wonders of power and wisdom, the wisest feel that they have only reached the borders of creation. Beyond all seen and known is infinitely more—beyond all is God ! How, then, measure this love which moves the Infinite One in His ways, shines through everything, spreads itself over all, is felt even by our wicked hearts ? As the sun comes down upon the earth, spreads its light over it, sends its heat into it, covers it with the blessedness of life, so the God of love comes upon our race, would enter all hearts and fill them with the light of life and love.

Of the proofs of this love, of some of its blessed fruits, we can speak. From this ocean of God's Being—never by us to be fathomed nor surrounded—we may drink.

We help our conceptions by what we know of human love. A mother's love is wonderful. It can bear any burden, endure any suffering, any death, for a child. A mother with her babe overtaken by a cold storm of snow, wandering, weary and lost, lies down, the better to shelter her little one, and give it the warmth of her bosom. As it grows cold she spares more and more of the covering of her own suffering, freezing body, and wraps the babe safely. In the embrace of a frozen mother the child was found with the clothing and warmth of her love. When, last fall, the flames, with the speed of a race-horse, were rushing through the forests of the

Northwest, they encircled a mother with her child. She hollowed out a place in the earth for her child, then, covering it with her own body, awaited the flames and remained till, burned to a crisp, her lifeless form sunk too heavily down and smothered the life which her love had saved from the fire.

The love of companion for companion can not only suffer but find joy in so doing, and make its object feel that neither father nor mother, son nor daughter, is so dear; a love so pure, so strong, that only love for God can be purer or stronger. Feeling this love, dwelling in it as in an atmosphere of love, and able to characterize such a heart only by saying it is *all love*, we come to understand something of Divine love—but only as, from a single drop, we understand the ocean whence the drop comes. Then we learn something of Divine love from its *effects*, its *production of love like itself*.

As all the waters of the continents in dew, rain, snow, in springs, rivers, and lakes, come from the ocean, raised by the sun and borne in clouds on wings of winds, so all true love and the joys thence arising come from the great ocean—God—through our Sun of Righteousness. Who measure the good thus brought to us? Who number the streams so full, filling myriads with holy joy, causing exulting anthems to burst forth from happy hearts? What the fountain compared with which all this is but a drop?

To heighten our conceptions of this work of love, we remember in what kind of hearts this is done. A mother's love for the true and loving child is wonderful. But the love that holds out, grows strong, finds ways of expression towards the child wayward and wicked; the love that can hold on to him, reach him in his farthest wanderings, find his heart in his worst degradation, and in holiest communings bear him up and hold him up before the throne of grace, and there wrestle in pleadings more than if for life; the love that, through God, can soften and save, that can awaken love like itself—O, that is a greater love. O, the love of a good mother! Thank God for the priceless treasure!

So the conjugal love for the true and noble, responding to its every sign and token, is great. But the love that lives,

moves, and has its being for one who has put off his humanity and has put on the ferocity of a brute; the love that can live, grow strong, turn God-like in expression, win, save such an one, bring him back to a better love than his first—this is most wonderful. O, the wealth of affection in such a heart! so like Christ's love that it could go to the cross for its object!

But the love of God in Christ, doing the wisest, kindest, best possible things for beings whose guilt and degradation no language can express; love making the greatest sacrifices, most affecting demonstrations of itself for enemies; Love Incarnate moving among the guilty in all the winning forms of goodness; stooping down to touch bosoms warmed by no love in return, pressing down to the lowest, touching hearts the hardest, opening the gates of life before the worst; love that can reach cold, dark, guilty spirits, make them all pure, glowing, God-like in love; the love that can do this we comprehend only as we comprehend God.

Could we now gather up the trophies of this victorious love, have in one view the whole work of Love Incarnate in souls purified, enter the inner life and learn the joys unutterable in fellowship with the God of love, foresee the growth—the future greatness—of souls in love, and still with a power of growth above all present power of conception, then might we have some worthy view of the work of Him who is Love.

We sometimes feel the power of this Divine love, are warmed, lifted, filled with it. But we cannot express it. Many others have felt the same. O, how many here in connection with this church during the century past, have rejoiced in more than could be expressed! They have comprehended something of the breadth and length, depth and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; and so they came to be filled with all the fulness of Him who is Love.

This—all this—here, as the fruit of that love.

But how much more there, in the presence of Love, where all are changed into the same image! Some very dear to us, beloved pastors, deacons, and members of this church, and of others, are in that home of love—some long there! How much they know of Him who is Love!

There is a great multitude there. Many more are to be gathered in. We, many of us, enjoy foretastes, expect soon to be filled full with that love. O, that all might!

Note this also : that God is revealed not only in what His love does, but in what it is fitted to do.

Made to love and be loved of God, every heart should be filled with His love. He would have a great tide of love flow through every bosom. He would have every heart-beat a throbbing of pure love. So the God of love would have it. What if here, for a century, the love of God had wrought out all that it is fitted to do in every heart and life? What blessed results in this old church and town! Such a state—blessed beyond our present conceptions—redeeming love will yet produce. Bad as the world is, cold in spiritual death, Divine love, as the breath of life, shall be breathed over this great vale of death. As the Prophet stretched himself upon the widow's son, hands upon hands, face to face, till by his warmth and life he restored the child to his mother; so God, in Christ, comes to us with all the warmth and life of Infinite Love Incarnate, to come into contact with our race, to impart His life to dead souls.

The Finlanders have a beautiful legend to show the power of love. It states that a mother having lost her only son, sought him with unwearied diligence, with long and patient toil. At last she found his remains, torn into a thousand pieces, at the bottom of the river of death. Eagerly gathering the scattered fragments of her child, she folded them to her bosom, sang to them, and rocked them, till, such was the warmth and power of her love, it restored her boy to form and life.

Thus our Father in heaven loves and seeks us all. We, spiritually dead, should remain forever in hopeless ruin but for this love, holier than a mother's, which seeks us, lifts us to the Divine bosom, sings to us of Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary; and so heals our wounds, restores to our souls the lost life of love, and fills with eternal joy. Amazing love! God Incarnate, that He might search us out, be bruised for our iniquities, torn to pieces for us, that in dying

He might by the wonderful power of His love, reach our dead souls and restore us to life immortal!

Dear friends, this love it is that comes to us now, seeks us, speaks to us, tries to save us—you, me, all.

O, will not all your hearts open to this love, be made active by it? find your heaven in it? Thus only by the heart can we come to know that "God is love."

This view of God should correct some wrong impressions respecting his Providences.

They look dark sometimes, seem unkind. In spite of His goodness suspicions exist that back of all is something very different from love. There is enough in God's treatment of sinners to disturb their fears. There is what seems to neutralize the tokens of benevolence. How can the sinner, conscious that he is against God, rid himself of the idea that God is against him? Looking through the medium of a troubled conscience, how can he see the God of love in any thing? But as we may now look into the face of Immanuel, are we obliged to look at God through guilt and fear? must we always find dark powers in the trials of life? To be rid of all such feelings we must find God, not only as kind, lovely, but as Love itself, and as love working *all* His works. Above, beyond all works of power, God has had His eye on the Cross to be set up for us.

He with such power, He with such wisdom, He with such goodness, did in the beginning purpose to come in *person* to show us that He made all—manages all, in love. Whatever long ages He took to fit up this world for moral beings, they were ages in which love was working for us. Hear the wonderful words: "*From before the foundation of the world, He loved us.*" The love that from the foundation of the world, *in* the foundation of the world was working for us; the love that endured the cross for us, that now reigns and intercedes for us; that same love appoints our discipline—every trial, every cross—in all aiming to bring us to the highest possible human experience of God, as love, in the heart. With this revelation, this experience of God, the soul,

even in darkest hours, moves in the clear light of Divine love ; amid greatest troubles rests in sweet peace on the calm ocean of Infinite Love.

See How to regard the want of enjoyment in God.

Though not now happy in God, many think they shall be hereafter, because He is Love. Is He not Love now ? Why not happy in God now ? Why no happy communings with Him, as of a living soul with a living God ? Surrounded on all sides with the full ocean of Divine blessings, is your soul still athirst ? Why ? Because estranged from God : and, so remaining, you must thirst forever. The simple fact that God is love does not now make you happy, and may never make you happy. Not to love God in Christ, not to know in your heart that He is love, is to be not happy.

The heart's great need—a discovery of God in Christ.

What awful forms the gods of the human mind assume ! Some Moloch, Beelzebub, Mars, Kali. Gods of blood, lust, wrath. Images shocking stand for ideas more shocking. Even now, what ideas of God ! Gods of war of some name, demons of some shape, malignants of some kind. Even in the civilized world some law, some principle, abstraction, impersonality ; something distant, cold, dead—such are the gods of reason, of philosophy. Or the universe robbed of God and then called God—empty, cold, soulless Pantheism—leaving the soul of man empty, cold, dead ! In Christian as in heathen lands, to how many is the God of love “ unknown ! ” To all unrenewed hearts He is the “ unknown.” Not till turned from all forms of idolatry, not till we find God in Christ Jesus, can we know the God of love. But alas ! how many find nothing in Christ to admire, nothing to trust, nothing to love. Dear friends, God in Christ comes to you, seeks you, longs to be recognized, loved. Open your hearts, let the Holy Spirit reveal our Lord Jesus to your hearts, that you may joyfully exclaim, “ My Lord ! my God ! ”

See *How to regard the means used to bring us to Christ.*

They are not the arbitrary arrangements of one with no living interest in us. They are the expressions of love. In them the yearning heart of God is seeking our hearts. At this moment He draws near to you. Do all hearts open with a welcome? The fable is that the Rocky lips of Memnon moved in music at the first touch of the morning beams. The story is that as Florence Nightingale performed her midnight ministrations in Crimean hospitals, the grateful lips of suffering soldiers kissed her shadow as it quietly passed over their pillows. The record is that in Jerusalem many, moved by the wonders of love wrought by the Apostles, brought their sick and laid them in beds in the streets, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by, might fall on some of them. And should not the shadow of Immanuel, falling on us, move our hearts to love and our lips to praise? That shadow, in this service, passes over you, rests upon you now. Nay, not the shadow; the *Lord* is here.

God in Christ comes near, breathes out His love over us. At this moment the Lord Jesus reveals the great proof of His love—His *Cross*. Behold it! behold it! At this moment God the Spirit, moving on our hearts, would breathe into them the breath of life. In ways numberless Love Infinite seeks all our hearts. O, yield to the power of Infinite Love, open your hearts to it, welcome it, be folded to its bosom, be warmed to life by it, find your bliss in it. Will you?

Or must the very God of love turn away from you? The Lord of life banished from your heart! Remember! the same love that calls to life, tells of death. The same love that wept over Jerusalem, left it to its doom. The same love that will say, "come ye blessed," will say, "depart ye cursed."

Which utterance, dear friends, shall we hear, "come," or "depart?" Which? What do our hearts now say to God, "come," or "depart?" If in love we say, come, come, be mine, come fill me, come reign in me, then shall we hear

the glad welcome, "come ye blessed!" O, the joy, the glory of that welcome!

But if any heart can say to the God of love, and persist in saying, "depart, depart from me," then, O then, must you, poor soul, hear the same words—your own words—"depart; depart from me!"

REMARKS OF REV. DR. BODWELL AT THE
SACRAMENT.

After fitting allusion to the Scripture read, and the institution of this supper by our blessed Lord, he continued substantially as follows :

“ I am most unwilling to disturb the impression which was made on all our minds by the very beautiful and appropriate discourse of my dear brother and early friend, but in compliance with the request of your Pastor, I will give you, briefly, some of my recollections of former deacons of this church, who have long since gone to their rest. I see them still, as they moved with solemn step along the aisles of the old meetinghouse, distributing the sacramental bread and wine. Some of them were accustomed to sit always in the “ deacons’ pew,” directly under and in front of the high pulpit. One of these was Dea. Simeon Moulton, of very dark hair and eyes, and pale, consumptive face, who impressed me as a quiet and a reverend man. He died when I was still a child.

Dea. Benjamin Philbrick sat by his side ; a man whose high conscientiousness and sweet Christian simplicity, and strong attachment to the House of God, some of us well remember. Though he lived so far away, no summer heat nor winter cold could keep him from the Sabbath service, the monthly concert on the first Monday afternoon of each month, and the preparatory lecture. Hardly was his natural strength abated at ninety years of age. Certainly his intellect was clear, and his affection for this church, and his concern for its spiritual prosperity were strong to the last.

A worthy associate of these two good men, Moulton and Philbrick, was Dea. Joseph Sanborn. He was a man of rare endowments, of strong understanding, with a love of Biblical study, an easy command of words, an habitually devout and reverent spirit, and a voice of unusual depth and richness. His gift in prayer was marvellous. How often did I hear the remark made by strangers who listened to him, 'That man ought to have been a preacher.'

One other man who 'used the office of deacon well' in this church, and whom I love to remember, was the upright, generous, and fearless Moses Emery; of warm sympathies and an unswerving probity, ready to every good work. I seem to hear still his voice in the prayer-meeting, whose peculiar tone expressed so well the sincerity and earnestness of his spirit.

Such were the good men whose united terms of office covered the entire period from my earliest recollection to the time when I left my pleasant home to enter college. The fragrance of their good names abides with us still. How impressive was the scene to me, even as a child, when those men, with my beloved and honored father, ministered in this solemn sacramental service. Would that the mantle of their deep sincerity did more truly rest upon us all!"

REMARKS OF REV. MR. PERKINS AT THE
SACRAMENT.

After alluding to the sketches just given by Mr. Bodwell, "as pictures passed before us," he remarked that could we have all the scenes and characters of the century unrolled before us in one panoramic view, we should have, with whatever sombre shades and even dark colors, also many illuminated scenes and characters shining with Divine brightness.

The fact was then emphasized that the reason why this history is not all dark, is to be found in the great truth considered in the morning, that every bright scene and illuminated page in all this history of one hundred years, written or unwritten, that every blessed influence and transformation, every comfort and hope; that all the good that has brightened and gladdened personal histories among these hills and valleys, had come from the one original fountain—the God of love through Jesus Christ.

Reference was made to the fact that this church has been signally blessed in its ministers, having in each just the man for his time, and in having them all live among their people till death. Mention was made of "Father Bodwell" as the man of whom all his parishioners, for fifty years, said, "Blessed are the peace-makers!" A hearty tribute was paid to his successor, Mr. Boutwell, with an account of his last Sabbath—how, as he was borne to the church in extreme feebleness, and during all the services, especially as he read from the 17th chapter of John, partook of the memorials of our Lord's death, and read the Hymn,

"We speak of the realms of the blest;"

he seemed to be filled with blessed anticipations and bright visions of those realms, and to enter with deep meaning into the lines,

“And shortly I also shall know
And feel, what it is to be there.”

In illustration of the blessed work of the gospel in this church, one of its noble women was called to mind—the speaker’s grandmother Sanborn—a woman whose large heart and generous sympathies were ever active in ministering to the needy, the sick, and suffering; a beloved member of this church for seventy-five years, the wife of “the beloved physician,” and to the end of her long life of ninety-six years, blest with an active mind and a cheerful spirit, which to the last, shed over this community most happy and blessed influences. Only a few years before her death, when telling how much she enjoyed reading the gospel by John, she said, “I read twelve chapters right off the other day.” Allusion was made to her bearing at a time of great and sudden bereavement, by the drowning of her oldest son, Col. Christopher Sanborn. Speaking of that affliction many years afterwards, she said, with all the animation of youth, “Why, Frederic, the Son of Man was with me as I walked my room, in the great sorrow of my heart, as really and as distinctly as you are now.”

Blessed woman! Clear and bright to the last! And when her speech and sight had failed, she expressed her joy in the Lord by an eager, upward gaze, and by clapping her feeble hands, till she “entered in through the gates into the city” of our God.

What the value of the grace of Christ to her during her long life! What the measure of comfort and of joy to all who here have believed in the Lord and have gone or are on their way to the Better Land!

Mr. Perkins made brief but grateful mention of the great revival in 1816, when his mother was converted, and to that of 1831, when he bowed to the Lord. The ages endless will reveal more and more of the blessed work of God here during the century now past.

To excite a thought of the value of what has come to the community through the church, the supposition was raised that all that the Gospel has put into the history of the town were taken out of it ; and it was maintained that but for the church of Christ, the history of the town—if history it could have had—would have been the history of men roaming over these hills in the wildness of barbarism, and these acres of earth now fertile would have remained wild and worthless. An appeal was made to Christians to make the future of the church better than the past, and all were called upon to consider the value of the church of God to a community, and to understand their place and duty in regard to it.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

The glory of New England has been its Christian men. They came to a wilderness and changed it to a garden of God. The roughness of its climate and wildness of its scenery, were far better suited to the mettle of those heroic souls than the sunny fields of the south. It was a concinnity such as God delights in ; a combination by His foreordaining Providence, out of which grandest results have been wrought, far less in a great material prosperity, in the productiveness of the soil under inclement skies, and the beauty of multitudinous villages and cities, than in the production of men, whose influence is felt to-day, not only wherever a Christian civilization is known, but quite beyond the bounds of civilization, to the uttermost ends of the earth. It is obvious to remark how the brave spirits of the men have grappled with almost unparalleled physical obstacles, and subdued them ; but is it not just as true that those very difficulties have developed in the men a measure of intellectual and moral power which, without the struggle with those difficulties, they never could have possessed ? Our great statesman, Daniel Webster, uttered a truth of which God is directly the author, when, in reply to the sneering inquiry of a conceited son of the south, " What has New Hampshire produced ? " he proudly answered, " Granite and men ! "

The names which New Hampshire has given to the pages of history, in jurisprudence, and statesmanship, and theology,

and education, and literature, are such as her sons will never have reason to be ashamed of. And yet, in a grand summing up of the fruits which have come of the labors and sacrifices of the Christian men who have made New England, must we not admit immeasurably the largest aggregate result in the quiet godly lives of that vast multitude of men and women whose names have hardly been pronounced outside the boundaries of their own town, or the fellowship of their own church.

This world was made for Jesus Christ; "by Him and for Him," an inspired Apostle says. The end will be accomplished when His elect of all the nations shall be gathered into His everlasting spiritual kingdom. Then the last will be first and the first last. That which men call glory now will then disappear forever, like the temples and palaces of a great city swept by the devouring fire.

It is true, at the same time, that Christianity is the grand source of whatever is most valuable in the present life, and according to present earthly standards. For almost twenty centuries it has supplied the most steady and healthful stimulus to all the industries which have built cities, and spanned rivers, and enlarged the domain of science, and brought nations into those intimate relations of commerce which are the surest guarantee of peace; constituting, meanwhile, most beautiful of all, innumerable homes of rest, and love, and joy.

Does not the history of your town during the first century of its existence, furnish a continuous illustration of these truths? As we look back to-day through the period of a hundred years, what, in your estimation, have been the things of chiefest value in all that time among the hills and valleys which combine to make up the unsurpassed natural beauty of this town of Sanbornton? There can be but one answer: its churches and its Christian homes. Take these away and nothing would remain worth remembering. All the rest would be of hardly more value than the Indian relics which are occasionally found in plowing up its soil.

The organization of the first church, therefore, and the set-

tlement of the first minister, one hundred years ago, were events of deeper interest and significance, than the incorporation of the town. On the first day of March, 1770, Sanbornton was incorporated as part of the great empire of His British Majesty, George III., and the first town meeting was held under his appointment and royal permission, on some day between that first of March and the tenth day of the May next following. This was in the house of Lieut. Chase Taylor, father of the Hon. Nathan Taylor, the first house built in Sanbornton, and occupied to-day by Mr. Thomas Taylor, great-grandson of its builder and first occupant.

No record of that first town-meeting remains, although the room in which it was held is still shown. From subsequent records we learn that Aaron Sanborn, Cole Weeks, and Stephen Gale were there and then elected first selectmen of the town; an event of interest to us, forasmuch as for many years after the incorporation of Sanbornton no more important business was transacted by the selectmen than that which pertained to the church of God. From the day on which those Christian men, whose names we venerate as the fathers of our town, first penetrated the noble forests which then crowned all these magnificent hills, their primary concern was for a minister and a meeting-house, a church of living members, and stated Christian ordinances, for themselves and for us, their posterity. Accordingly, at the second town-meeting, held on Tuesday, March 26, 1771, in the house of Daniel Sanborn, subsequently, with enlargement, for many years the residence of Dr. Benaiah Sanborn, and now occupied by Mr. Thomas M. Jaques, a very important item of business was the passing of a vote "to appoint and clear a place for a meeting-house this year; to set said house on ye center range line, near ye main rode; to build it by ye sale of ye pews, and according to ye plan drawn of ye same; to put up ye frame and cover it within 2 year from May next, and chuse a committee to vandue of ye pews and stuff for building said house."

The history of the building of that first meeting-house on the hill, which some of us so well remember, would make a deeply

interesting chapter in the annals of Sanbornton. How the forests rang with the sturdy strokes of the axe, startling the bears and wolves then so numerous; how, on the appointed day, the inhabitants of the neighboring towns came to help at the raising, and then how, in the poverty of the people, the necessity of incessant toil in clearing away the forests and ploughing and planting for their own sustenance, and the absence of some of their best men to fight in our country's great battle for liberty, the work went slowly on for a series of years, and the first minister, the Rev. Joseph Woodman, preached in it to those noble-hearted men and their noble-hearted wives through summer's heat and winter's cold, when it had no pulpit and no pews, and was less comely in its exterior, and less comfortable within, than the barns of some of you are to-day—these are things which our fathers told us, and which may be gleaned from the early records of the town.

It need occasion us little surprise that the vote passed on the 26th of March, 1771, was not carried into effect. Whether they managed to "appoint and clear a place for a meeting-house" that year, we do not know; but it is quite certain that they failed to "put up ye frame and cover it, within 2 year from May next." The delay, however, only made them the more resolute, for, nearly three years later, on the thirteenth day of December, 1773, a special town-meeting was called for the sole object of taking further measures for building and "compleating" the meeting-house. The hearts of our fathers were resolute on that cold December day, as they looked on each other's faces in one of the large, unfinished rooms, as we suppose, of Daniel Sanborn's house, within a stone's throw of the spot where we are now assembled. They prayed, doubtless, then deliberated, and looking wistfully toward the hill where, according to their former action, the frame of the meeting-house should have been put up and covered in more than six months before, they stoutly resolved "to build the m. h. on an entirely new plan, viz: sixty feet in length by $43\frac{1}{2}$ feet in wedth, and to build 36 pews below as by said plan; to choose a committee to vandue off ye pews and stuff, and *to build* said house as far as said pews will go,

with ye money that ye proprietors of the town have and shall vote for said house ;” also that “the meeting-house *shall be raised*, boarded, shingled, and ye lower flowers laid, and ye lower part of ye house glassed, by the first of November, 1774; that the house *shall* be finished so far as the pew money shall go towards it by November 1, 1775 ;” and, finally, “that all ye stuff for ye frame shall be brought to ye meeting-house green by ye last of April next, and ye boards, shingles, and other covering by ye last of September next.”

Is it not strange, when we remember the circumstances of that dark and perilous time, that our fathers had the courage to resolve on so much? That they found it simply impossible to accomplish all they marked out in the time specified, we can easily believe.

At the town-meeting of 1777, one vote passed was “\$50 of ye money in ye selectmen’s hands to be laid out on ye meeting-house this year.” On the following New Year’s day, namely, on the first of January, 1778, the town met for the first time in the new meeting-house, and there all the town-meetings of Sanbornton were held for almost half a century, till the year 1834, when the town declined to repair the house, and surrendered it, by a vote, to the proprietorship of this Society. Evidently the house was exceeding bare and comfortless on that New Year’s day, 1778, for it is recorded that on the 26th of March, 1782, it was voted “to get thirteen thousand of claboard nails, and one hundred feet of glass, for the meeting-house ; also, 2000 shingle tens, and one thousand double tens.” One year and a half later it was “voted to finish ye gallery in ye meeting-house,” and “to build seven pews at each end of sd gallery, and six pews on ye fore side, to be equally divided as to length, and to be 5½ feet wide within board.”

On the 23d of June, 1783, a special town-meeting was held in accordance with the warrant of the constable, to settle “disputes” that had arisen “concerning some of ye pews in ye meeting-house,” and a seat for the children was voted in “an ally of two feet and four inches wide.”

During all this time, though they had had a settled minister

twelve years, and had helped generously in the building of his house, there was no pulpit in their meeting-house, for at a special town-meeting held August 15, 1785, Lieut. Chase, Ens. True, and Ens. Nathaniel Grant were chosen a committee to build a pulpit with the money which had been raised for the building of the pews, and they were instructed to build it by the March meeting of the following year. It was not their fault that when the fathers assembled at that March meeting they saw no pulpit in their meeting-house, or at least only one that was partly finished, for at that meeting, March 28, 1786, the same committee was re-appointed, with instructions to finish the pulpit by the first of October following, as far as the money raised for the pews would do it. We may believe that in that year, 1786, the good people of Sanborn-ton had the inexpressible pleasure, on some bright Sunday, to see the minister who had been with them fifteen years, and baptized their children, and buried their dead, ascend to that high pulpit, which had been so long in building, and to praise its beauty as they returned to their homes; for in August of the very next year the town "voted to build two pews at west end of men's seats, on lower floor, in lower part of meeting-house, and two pews at east end of women's seats; about six feet square, the selectmen to sell said pews and procure ye pay." A strange picture, as it seems to us, that congregation must have presented to the good minister, as he looked upon them from his high pulpit painted thick of a deep mahogany color, the men by themselves at one end, and the women by themselves at the other end, with a seat for the children "in an ally of two feet and four inches wide."

So far as the records inform us, we are led to suppose that during these first years the care of the meeting-house was no expense to the town. But this could not be expected to last always, albeit no lighting and tending of fires was included, and accordingly we find it recorded that on the 5th day of April, 1790, the town "voted James Sanborn to keep key of the meeting-house, and to sweep said house, at one dollar per year."

For the next ten years after the pulpit was finished, reso-

lutions were passed from time to time, for lathing and plastering, shingling, "painting the rough," and underpinning, till the last stone was placed under the heavy sill of the back or north side, in the year 1797. At the same time they voted not to "build a steeple and porch the present year," and that, as we know, was never done. That much good preaching and praying was done in that homely and unfinished meeting-house on the hill, it is impossible to doubt. We can as easily believe that the songs of Zion had no mean rendering in the trumpet tones of the men who leveled the forests, and the full rich treble of their wives and daughters, with the accompaniment of stringed instruments, which our fathers were skilled to play. Long slips were made for their special accommodation, running from east to west on the ground floor, and near the centre of the house. There, till the last year of the century, they stood up in the midst of the worshipping assembly, and, with heart and voice, poured forth Old Hundred and Hamburg, and Lenox, and Northfield. On that last year of the century, the town decided to give them a place better suited to the valuable services they rendered. On the 7th of May, 1779, it was "voted to sell the singing pews on the floor in the town meeting-house, and build a singing pew in the gallery, the front seats in gallery to be used for a singing pew."

Some of us remember well those long pews in front of the pulpit on the floor of the house. One of them was occupied by Esq. Jeremiah Sanborn, another by Matthew Perkins, Esq.

Nothing farther appears on record in relation to finishing the meeting-house. We may reasonably conclude that it was completed about a quarter of a century from that troublous day on which some of our fathers hastily left the framing to join their comrades in arms at Lexington. The wonder is, that it was accomplished in so short a time as twenty-five years. For it must be remembered that they were battling with the wilderness all the while, and bearing their full share in the struggle for national existence; and all the while they were making annual appropriations for the construction of

roads and the building of bridges and pounds ; for the education of their children, and for bounties for the killing of wolves which destroyed their sheep.

There is a man still with us* who has lived eighty-seven years in Sanbornton from his birth, and who well remembers how he and his brother Chase used to dread to go only a little distance from the house to fetch the sheep home at evening, and how the night was made hideous by the howling of the wolves congregated in packs near the spot where the bark mill and tan-pits afterward were.

It is interesting to note how generously our fathers taxed themselves for the education of their children in those stern and troublous times. They believed in the peculiar blessedness of *having* children, in great numbers, and so did their wives, and it was well for Sanbornton and for us that they did : for a nobler race of men and women we may not often see, than the children born in those days grew to be. It was a good day for Sanbornton, and many of us remember it well, when all these houses, large and small, were full of children, and all the school-houses in the town could hardly contain them in winter, when the large boys and girls could be spared to attend. Will it ever again be said of Sanbornton, as it was said of old Jerusalem, after the return from the long captivity, that the streets are " full of girls and boys playing in the streets thereof " ?

Let us see what was done to educate our grandfathers and grandmothers when they were children. At the annual March meeting held twenty-four days before the first anniversary of the battle of Lexington, Thirty Dollars were raised " for to hier a school," and one hundred dollars for the roads. The year following, 1777, they voted " forty dollars, in addition to what was raised last year for a school." Two years later they voted to raise three hundred dollars for a school, and four hundred days' works for the roads. In 1781 it was " 15 pounds old way so-called, for to hire schooling this year." No mention is made of school districts, or school masters. The whole town was one district, and Master Perkins was teacher of the town. Having received his own edu-

* John Perkins, grand-son of " Master Perkins."

cation, which included reading and writing, nothing more, from Gen. Sullivan's father, an Irishman, Master Perkins taught the boys and girls of all the town to read and write, for the space of forty years. He went about keeping school, as some good men whom we remember went about cleaning our fathers' stately eight-day clocks. In the house of Daniel Sanborn, doubtless, where the town-meetings, as we have seen, were held; in the meeting-house on the hill, when it was in a very rude unfinished state, and in many a dwelling throughout the town, Master Perkins taught and governed; and his governing was of a high order. Of fine personal appearance, and of very pronounced magisterial bearing, he walked with a conscious dignity, to the movement of his large ivory-headed cane, and, in the reverent and admiring eyes of all his little subjects, was a fit representative of George III. Although of a stern make, and accounted severe in discipline, there was a dash of humor in "Master Perkins." At a considerably later day than his, as some of us remember, it was customary in the summer schools of Sanbornton, for the girls to bring their sewing and knitting, and when young brains were tired with severer labors, in reading and spelling and Colburn's arithmetic, these finger-crafts were taken up under the direction of the "school-marm." One of those mothers of the earlier period, who was evidently in advance of her times, sent her little girl one day with "knitting work," to Master Perkins' school. It was a stocking of goodly size, and well along toward the point at which the heel should be begun for the formation of the foot. The child plied her busy fingers for a time, under the watchful and twinkling eye of the master, and then, holding the thing in her tiny hand, went timidly up to him for instructions. With utmost gravity he examined the work, and told her to narrow it. In a short time she came again, when the same direction was repeated, and many times, and the upshot was, as Master Perkins used to tell the story with great glee, that "she narrerred it and narrerred it, till she narrerred it all away." Thus ended that particular stocking, and thus ended all "knitting work" in Master Perkins' school.

His teaching and his useful life ended together in the year 1804, and he was laid to his rest very near to what was the original Sanbornton square. He ought to have had a grave in the burying-ground on the hill, by the side of the first minister; and the numerous scholars he had taught and governed, during that long period of forty years, ought to have erected a monument of granite over his remains.

Now we come to a fact in the early history of this church and of Sanbornton, to which all we have been saying bears a very close relation, and which we must call a very remarkable fact. It is, that whereas the building of the first meeting-house was not begun till the year 1775, and took twenty-five years to the finishing, the first minister was settled four years before the frame of the meeting-house was raised. Therein was the wisdom of our fathers. They reckoned that a settled minister was better than a meeting-house, and they built their meeting-house as fast as they could pay for it; no faster. Now, the order is reversed: the meeting-house is the first thing, built with elegance and expensiveness, whether paid for or not—most likely built with borrowed money—and then a minister is sought, first and chiefly, to be a popular attraction, like a brilliant lecturer, or a travelling circus, to draw a multitude and pay off the debt. If any sinners are converted, that is all very well, and it is, no doubt, very strange; but it is not the end which the congregations of our day have in view when they choose a minister.

The first recorded action looking to the support of gospel ordinances, was at a meeting of the Proprietors held in Exeter, July 13, 1767. It was then and there voted, that “they wold raise a doler on each rite liabiel to pay taxes for to hier” a minister “this present year;” and we read in that old record the familiar names of Josiah Sanborn, Capt. Joseph Hoyt, and Ebenezer Sanborn, as a committee appointed for the purpose. A similar vote seems to have been passed at Exeter from year to year, till 1771, when our fathers, having been incorporated as a town the year previous, moved in good earnest for the settlement of a minister. In this they were encouraged by a vote of the Proprietors, passed on the 29th

of July, "that \$10 be raised on each right liable to be taxed, to assist and help the inhabitants of the town in supporting a gospel minister, if they settle one among them."

We have no record of the names of the men who preached here amid the giant forest-trees, and not improbably under their dense shadow, when Sanbornton was only a plantation. One thing we do know, which is, that they would not be satisfied with casual, nor with stated supplies. They must have a settled minister, though they had no meeting-house, and could not have one for a long time to come. Just ten days after that on which the liberal offer of the Proprietors was made, a special town-meeting was held, for the sole purpose of considering the proposition to settle a minister.

I must ask you to consider well the manifold difficulties our fathers were in when they held that special town-meeting in the house of Daniel Sanborn, for the purpose of securing a settled minister. It is not much to say, that those brave Christian men were struggling with all the terrors of the wilderness, to found a home for themselves and their families, working very hard, living on the plainest food—bean porridge, and coarse bannocks, and potato bread entering largely into their cuisine ; clothing themselves in garments spun, and wove, and cut, and made up, in their own most humble cots. The country, small and feeble as it was, made up of thirteen colonies, of which New Hampshire was one, was already involved in that fearful death-struggle with the mightiest and the haughtiest military power on the earth. The odious stamp-act had been passed six years before. Benjamin Franklin had written home from London that the sun of liberty was set, and the torch of industry must be lighted in every cottage. The indignant and burning eloquence of Patrick Henry had raised the spirit of patriotism to blood-heat in the Assembly of Virginia : blood had been shed in Boston in an affray between armed British soldiers and unarmed citizens ; ladies of fashion in all sections of the country, were carding, spinning, and weaving the fabrics for their own dresses, and mutton was forbidden to be eaten, lest the supply of wool should fail.

It was at such a time that our fathers, pressed with burdens and difficulties all but intolerable, and expecting still worse, met in special town-meeting, in the house near by, for the sole purpose of securing the settlement of a minister. What was the result? They voted, those great-hearted Christian men of Sanbornton, "to give Mr. Joseph Woodman a call to settle in ye gospel ministry in this town." Mr. Joseph Woodman was a young man of fine talents and education, a graduate of Nassau Hall, and at that time twenty-three years of age. They meant to have him, and so they also voted, at the same meeting, to give him a "sallery" of two hundred dollars, of which one hundred and eighty dollars was to be in money, and twenty dollars in labor, at money price, for the first two years; and afterward, one hundred and twenty dollars in money and eighty dollars in labor. This was not all. Twenty cords of good fire-wood, cut into cord-wood length, were to be hauled yearly to Mr. Woodman's door. What huge logs of curly rock-maple were rolled, without splitting, into that gracious pile of twenty cords, some of us who are old enough to remember similar things, can believe. Still further, Mr. Woodman was to receive, "if he settles in ye gospel ministry here, the vallue of 100 dollars in labor and stuff, for to build him a house, to be paid, so much as will set him up a house frame, next spring, and the remainder in boards, shingle, and clapboards, in ye fall of ye year following." Two months later, having, no doubt, conferred freely with Mr. Woodman in the meantime, and found out the state of his health, and how much he was willing to undertake, the town very kindly voted, that "Mr. Woodman, if he settles in ye gospel ministry in this town, shall have liberty to preach old sermons when his health will not admit of his making new ones;" also, that he "shall have liberty to be absent three Sabbaths in a year, yearly, to visit his friends." In addition to all the rest, Mr. Woodman, as the first settled minister, received of the town the present of a farm, not that which we all know as the Woodman farm, but another which he exchanged for that with Esquire Harper, a business transaction in which the people of his congregation—that is to say,

all the town—were pleased to see that their minister was not entirely lacking in worldly wisdom.

The town, at a very early period in its history, set apart forever, for the support of the gospel ministry, a tract of land called the parsonage, the income of which seems to have been given to Mr. Woodman. For at a town-meeting held May 26, 1795, William Harper, Esq., having been chosen agent at a previous meeting, “to lay a copy of the records before our attorney and take his advice in writing,” reported that according to Mr. Bradbury’s opinion, “the income of the parsonage belongs to Mr. Woodman.”

The people, no doubt, knew Mr. Woodman’s mind in relation to the business in hand, well enough to be sure they were not acting precipitately in fixing the day for his ordination, and making a list of the churches to be invited, before he had signified his acceptance of the call. This was done by the same town-meeting which voted the call, and the “sallery,” and the “twenty cord of good fire-wood.” “Wednesday, the thirteenth of November next for the day of Mr. Woodman’s ordination,” in case he should accept the call, was the action recorded; also “to send to ye churches of Canterbury, Concord, Pembroke, Epping, ye first in Rowley, ye second, third, and fourth in Newbury, to assist in ye ordination.”

All this is from the records of the town, and shows the action of the town. The church had not yet been organized. At the time appointed, one hundred years ago to-day, the ordination of Mr. Joseph Woodman took place in the house of Daniel Sanborn.

We suppose that the church was first organized, and that he was installed as the pastor, at the same time and place. This, our centennial service, is, therefore, to commemorate the formation of the church and the settlement of its first pastor. There are some here present who remember, that just sixty-five years ago to-day the second pastor of the church was ordained in the meeting-house on the hill.

Of that solemn service of ordination one hundred years ago, no record remains to us. The first entry in the first Book of Church Records, is the covenant of the church, in

the hand-writing of Mr. Woodman, signed by seven men, whose names are as follows: James Cates, Nathaniel Tilton, Daniel Sanborn, Benjamin Darling, Josiah Sanborn, Aaron Sanborn, Abijah Sanborn.

Directly after these names is a brief form of admission, and on the two pages following, the Confession of Faith.

The record of what seems to have been the first regular church-meeting follows immediately after the Confession of Faith, and is dated, "Jan'y ye 2nd, 1772." The first business taken in hand is thus recorded: "This day, the church being met, agreeable to previous warning, after Sol-
emn prayer to the great Head of the Church, for direction and acceptance, unanimously voted the above written as a Standing Confession of Faith in this Church." This confession is remarkably full and clear, and would seem to show that the original members and their pastor, Mr. Woodman, were well established on the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Other matters attended to at the same meeting are entered thus:

"2. Voted, that Benjamin Darling be chosen first deacon.

3. Voted, that Nathaniel Tilton be chosen the second deacon.

4. Voted, that the Lord's Supper be administered upon the second Lord's Day in each month, omitting the months of Dec'r, Jan'y, Feb'y and March.

5. Voted, To receive Lucy, Mary, and Anna Sanborn by letter of dismission and recommendation from the church of Christ in Northampton."

More than a year seems to have passed before another regular church-meeting was held. This was on the fourth of March, 1773. The business at this meeting was of very grave importance. You are aware that, in the early period of the history of New England, there was, in the churches generally, what was called the half-way covenant; the meaning of which was, that any members of the congregation, not being "in full communion with the church," as it was expressed, were yet permitted and urged to "recognize the covenant," (which meant no more than that they acknowledged that they ought to be

Christians,) and to bring their children for baptism. Thus we find the record, "Jacob Smith, Jr., and his wife, recognized their baptismal covenant," and a little onward, "Baptized a child of Jacob Smith, Jr., by the name of Oliver." A year or two later another child of Jacob Smith, Jr., was baptized by the name of "Molly," but neither father nor mother was at any time a member of the church.

The working of so unscriptural a usage as the half-way covenant was most disastrous here as elsewhere, as the record of the proceedings at this second regular church-meeting shows. "After prayer to ye great head of ye church for direction, They, considering the great remissness which is at this day so common in regard to those who recognize their cov't, agreed :

1. That they esteemed Immorality a Sufficient bar to persons being admitted to Baptism for themselves or children.

2. That they would regard those who were Baptized in Infancy and those who have recognized their baptismal covenant, as members of the visible Church, or persons visibly in covenant, and as Such, Subject to the watch and discipline of the church and would treat them as such.

3. That those who have recognized the covenant in other places be required to get a dismissal or certificate of their having recognized the covenant in those places, and of their regular Standing there, in order to their having their children baptized in this church.

4. That ———, on account of Some Immorality alledged against him be debarred from having his child baptized, until he shall make satisfaction to the church."

At what time and in what way this usage was discontinued does not appear. The latest record of such a proceeding is as follows: "Sept. 10, 1780. William Taylor and wife renewed covenant, and had their child baptized by the name of "Chase."

The records show that church discipline was maintained, and that in March, 1794, the pastor and Deacon Tilton were appointed "a committee to make a prudent enquiry with respect to their performance of family worship by those who are mem-

bers in full communion, and also those who have recognized their covenant in this church."

The ministry of Mr. Woodman, beginning on the 13th of November, 1771, one hundred years ago to-day, was terminated by his dismissal Nov. 13, 1806, the same day on which his successor was ordained. He was a man of commanding personal appearance and dignified bearing, and for talent and education took rank with the foremost ministers of New Hampshire. He was of medium height, of a broad, compact frame, with large head well set on ample shoulders, and decidedly marked features. I have heard it said, by men who knew him, and who have passed away, that he had natural endowments which would have fitted him admirably for the courts of law or the halls of legislation, if such had been his choice. The estimation in which he was held by the town may be gathered from the fact that, at a special meeting held January 17, 1775, it was "voted that the Rev. Joseph Woodman be a deputy for this town to join the deputies of the other towns in this province, at a meeting to be held at Exeter on the 25th day of this instant, to choose delegates for the Continental Congress, and to choose a committee to proportion each town's part of ye charge of sending delegates June 3, 1802."

That he was held in high respect beyond the limits of his own town it is evident, for we find that on the third day of June, 1802, he preached to the Governor of the State and his Council, with the Senate and House of Representatives, in Concord, then a pleasant village, and the discourse was published.

It was in the appointed duties of the Christian ministry, however, that he was chiefly occupied during the thirty-five years of his pastorate, preaching the gospel, visiting the sick, and from house to house, uniting the young in the bonds of matrimony, baptizing the children, and officiating at the burial of the dead.

In less than a year from the day on which Mr. Woodman was dismissed, God called him to his reward, at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, and his frame, wasted by suf-

fering, was laid by that of Esther, the much loved wife, whose death four years earlier had filled him with deepest grief. Very touching and beautiful is the allusion made to the afflictions, whose effect had been to unfit him, in a great measure, for his work, in a letter addressed to the town about a year before his dismissal. It begins thus :

*" Friends and Brethren :—*An all-wise, holy, and sovereign God, in whose hands our times are, was pleased, more than two years since, to visit me with the epidemic sickness which that season prevailed among us. This was succeeded by bilious and rheumatic complaints, from which I am not fully recovered, but still remain in an infirm and debilitated state, so that I am not able at present to attend to all the duties of the ministerial office at all seasons. * * * * And especially does this, together with the sore bereavement with which God was pleased, just before, to visit myself and family, afford me in particular abundant cause for deep humiliation and repentance, and humble enquiry wherefore He contendeth with me. And while they give me a claim to your candour, your sympathy, and compassion, I earnestly request the prayers of all who have an interest at the throne of grace, that God would sanctify those heavy and long-continued afflictions, support me under them, and grant an happy issue of them in his own time."

The happy issue came : God's time was not long delayed, and he passed, on the 28th day of September, 1807, from under the dark cloud which cast so distressing a shadow over his last days, into the world of which Christ is the everlasting light.

His retirement from the ministerial office in order that a younger man might take his place, when he became convinced of his inability any longer to perform its duties, was a graceful and generous act, which could hardly have failed to commend him to the admiration and sympathy of the whole community. He sent to that community (for he looked upon them all as, in a sense, his flock) a long letter, and worthy to

be the last of all his labors of love among them, as we may suppose it was. A copy lies before me, well preserved. He addresses it "To the Inhabitants of Sandbornton, more especially to the Congregational Church and Society," and then proceeds :

*"Men and Brethren :—*In the wise, righteous, and sovereign providence of God, my health has been greatly impaired since the severe sickness with which He has been pleased to visit me ; and for nine months past I have been unable to supply the desk. There appears but little prospect of my being able to discharge the duties of the ministry among you for the future." After alluding to an unsuccessful effort which had been made to settle the contract between him and the town, he goes on to say : "Your present situation is alarming, affecting, and, to me, very distressing—destitute of the stated administration of God's word and ordinances—the meeting-house unopened—the desk unoccupied on the Holy Sabbath."

How ready and anxious he was to do anything in his power to bring so sad a state of things to an end, is seen in what comes immediately after : "Apprehensive of the evils which will be the probable consequences of continuing in such a state, and desirous to do all in my power to prevent them and to promote the peace and prosperity of the Church and Society to which I have so long ministered, I have been induced to give up that which I have ever considered as entitling me to support in case of sickness, or of age. I therefore propose to give up the contract with the town on the following conditions, viz : that my poll and estate be exempted from taxes during my life."

He then addresses himself to the church and congregation, whom he calls "Friends and Brethren," reminds them, in tender and touching words, of his lengthened ministry among them, refers to the severe afflictions by which a wise and sovereign God has brought his labors to a close, and urges them, in most earnest terms, to look for another pastor without delay, giving them excellent counsel how to proceed. He enjoins

upon them in particular "the due observation and sanctification of the Holy Sabbath," warning them of the sad results of Sabbath desecration, and recommending to the heads of families to use their authority and influence in the matter, with all under their care. He brings his letter to a close as follows:

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace. May he preserve you from the evils to which you are exposed, pour out His Spirit and unite your hearts in Christian truth, love, and holiness, build up His cause and interest among us, smile upon and succeed your exertions to obtain an able and faithful minister of the New Testament, who may be a rich blessing to you and your children.

Finally, brethren, be perfect, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of peace shall be with you.

(Signed,) JOSEPH WOODMAN.

SANDBORNTON, April 22nd, 1806."

On the 22d day of April, 1806, a special town-meeting was assembled in the meeting-house on the hill, and Deacon Samuel Lane, Dr. Samuel Gerrish, and Major Jeremiah Tilton, a committee appointed for the purpose, waited on Mr. Woodman, in the house still standing, and shaded by the fine old elms which to some of us seem no larger than when we were little children, and returned with that noble epistle in their hands. If the reading of it did not touch the hearts and moisten the eyes of the strong men in that special town-meeting, then we have judged wrong as to their character. That it had the effect which Mr. Woodman so earnestly desired, is very certain; for the meeting accepted unanimously its terms, and immediately voted to raise two hundred dollars for supplying the desk of the Congregational Society the present year, and chose Jeremiah Sanborn, Dr. Samuel Gerrish, and Bradstreet Moody, as a Committee of Supply.

That the letter of Mr. Woodman made a happy impression seems evident from the fact that it was printed in elegant style for that time, and distributed through the town.

The last record in the Church Book relating to Mr. Woodman, is of a very gratifying character, as follows :

At a church-meeting Oct. 14, 1813, " Voted, that brother Ebenezer Sanborn, Jr., and Moses Emery, be a committee to obtain subscriptions for the purpose of purchasing grave-stones for the late Rev'd Joseph Woodman, former Pastor of this Church."

No time was lost in any delay to seek a new pastor, as was to have been expected of a congregation that had settled their first four years before the frame of their meeting-house was raised. How many ministers and who, supplied the pulpit as candidates, we do not know. It is certain that a Mr. Daniel Staniford preached, and made so good an impression that his name was given to the eldest child of Benjamin P. Sanborn, born some time after.

The people had heard a favorable account of a young man in Massachusetts, who had graduated at Cambridge the year before, and had spent about three months in the study of theology with the Rev. Jonathan French, at Andover ; that arrangement being all there was at that time of the Andover Theological Seminary. His name was Abraham Bodwell. The town sent " Squire Emery " all the way on horse-back to Andover, seventy miles, to invite Mr. Bodwell to come to Sanbornton and preach as a candidate. " Squire Emery " made so favorable an impression upon him that he assented, notwithstanding the fact that overtures, looking to a settlement, had been made to him from Haverhill and Newbury. It must have been near the beginning of June in the year 1806, when he came. The forests were in all their leafy beauty, the birds were singing among the branches, and the hills and mountains around and far away must have appeared exceeding grand in comparison with the tamer landscape of eastern Massachusetts. He brought with him his licensure to preach, as follows :

" STONEHAM, April 30th, 1806.

This may certify that Mr. Abraham Bodwell, A. B., of Methuen, offered himself to the Westford Association to be

examined and approbated as a Candidate for the work of the Gospel Ministry. And the Association having carefully attended to his moral character, his Church standing, his knowledge of theology, and the various requisite qualifications; do cordially approbate him as a Candidate, and unanimously recommend him as a person well qualified to preach the Gospel, wherever he may be called in divine providence to labor.

PAUL LITCHFIELD, *Moderator*,
Attest, FREEGRACE RAYNOLDS, *Scribe*.

The time of probation was about three months, and the number of sermons preached was twenty-three. On Sunday, August 24th, two very close and pungent sermons were preached from the text, "Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider." On Friday of the same week a meeting of the church was held, the first business of which was the appointment of a committee to confer with Mr. Woodman, and learn whether he would prefer to continue his relation as Senior Pastor, or to be dismissed. The committee waited on him, and brought back for answer that he requested dismissal. The church acceded to his wish, then voted, "To give Mr. Abraham Bodwell a call to settle here as Pastor of said Church. Also:

That Josiah Emery present this vote to the selectmen of this town, and request them to call a meeting of the qualified voters (in ministerial matters) to see if they will join this Church in settling Mr. Bodwell as Pastor of this Church and Congregation, as soon as they shall think it convenient."

The town-meeting was held on Tuesday, 15th of September, and a vote was passed "to give Mr. Bodwell a call to settle in the Gospel ministry in this town." A committee of five—Dea. Samuel Lane, Nathan Taylor, Esq., Dr. Samuel Gerrish, Jeremiah Sanborn, and Joshua Lane—were chosen to inform Mr. Bodwell of the town's vote, and treat with him on terms of settlement. Two weeks later, on Wednesday, September 30th, the town met again, when the committee of five reported the following contract: "That the town of Sanborn-

ton pay Abraham Bodwell \$450, annually, for preaching and attending to all the duties incumbent on a settled minister of the Gospel in said town, until two-thirds of that part of the town generally denominated Congregationalists, shall wish to discontinue the salary, and it shall be discontinued in one year after a regular notification, in writing, from the town to said Bodwell, purporting such wish; and the said Abraham Bodwell contracts to attend to all the duties before mentioned, until he shall give the same regular notice to the Selectmen or clerk of said town, at the expiration of which time he shall be released from this contract."

This report was accepted by a vote of the town, and the same committee was re-appointed "to wait on Mr. Bodwell, inform him of the vote of this meeting, and likewise to make arrangements for the ordination." What the arrangements were we only know in part. Invitations were sent to the churches in Canterbury, Concord, Gilmanton, Methuen, Haverhill, and Newbury. The day fixed was the thirteenth of November, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of the first pastor, and, as we suppose, of the organization of the church. It was a high day in Sanbornton, that thirteenth of November, sixty-five years ago to-day.

A goodly number of pastors and delegates were present, including the Rev. Messrs. Smith, of Gilmanton, Patrick, of Canterbury, McFarland, of Concord, and Perley of Methuen. The ample house of Dr. Benaiah Sanborn, in which the pastor elect had his home, was the scene of large and most generous hospitalities. Most, if not all, the ministers from abroad were assembled there, and how they looked and what some of them said and did, is well remembered still by surviving members of the family. At the appointed hour, all wended their way to the meeting-house on the hill. An ordination in those days, like a grand military review, was an attraction to all the towns around. The beautiful green slope in front of the meeting-house was covered with peddlers' wagons, and tents. By far the larger part of the multitude assembled cared nothing for religious service, and yet the house was so crammed that it was thought necessary to shore up the

galleries, lest they should fall. So great was the number of those who wished to get in but could not, that the appearance is described by one still living as having been like that of bees hanging from a hive on a hot summer day. The man who says this was a lad thirteen years old at the time, and after trying in vain to get into the meeting-house, he went to see a show which was going on at the same time in the large square house of Mr. Harper, which large square house some of us remember to have seen burn down, early on a cloudy summer evening, a good while ago. The house now occupied by Mrs. Wadleigh is on the same site. In that great square house there was also, on that day, a counter, behind which stood a grandson of Master Perkins, one of the fine young men of the congregation, then twenty-two years of age, and who stands erect among us to-day, the oldest member of the church and the oldest man in the town, who has lived eighty-seven years from his birth, in Sanbornton—a longer time, as he believes, than any other man has lived in the town, though many have died here at a greater age.

And what did he do behind that counter on that ordination day? Measured out rum to saints and sinners! It was the custom then. The godly ministers assembled would hardly have thought they could properly install the young pastor without the cheering influence of ardent spirits. And years afterward, when the young pastor had become a father, his son, then a little boy, remembers pleasant days on which he was permitted to go in the chaise with him as he rode over the parish, and how, at each successive house where he called, the good people, anxious to show their great respect and love for their minister, offered him spirits, and would have been offended if he had refused; and how cautiously he only sipped, lest such oft-repeated kindness should prove more than he could bear.

The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. McFarland, of Concord, from the words, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." Titus, ii., 11.

This is all we know of the public services of that day. When the early sunset came the meeting-house was empty, the peddlers' carts and tents and show-men all were gone, the throng was dispersed, and the stillness of night settled down upon this young village and this glorious landscape.

The Rev. Joseph Woodman, first pastor of the church, had been dismissed, and Mr. Abraham Bodwell, whose labors were to extend over the long period of forty-six years, had been settled in his room.

Sanbornton was at that time a place of considerable enterprise, and a center of trade to a circle of towns around. On pleasant summer mornings people were seen on their way to the stores from distances of ten and twelve miles, with butter and cheese and fresh-laid eggs, to barter for tea and coffee and sugar and calico and snuff.

The meeting-house was well filled on the Sabbath with a congregation of sober, earnest, and intelligent men and women, coming from all parts of the town, and none were more constant than those who drove five miles up and down these invigorating hills. How full those great square pews used to be, morning and afternoon, summer and winter! Many of us remember what a merry sight it was to us children, at a more recent period when, on bright cold winter days, the congregation poured out from that old meeting-house, in which there had been no fire save what our mothers and grandmothers brought in their little foot-stoves, and packed themselves by families in their ample sleighs, single and double, and went down the hill to the music of their many bells, in long procession, at a rate of speed which made it plain that the horses were as glad as the children who had sat shivering on the cold hard seats, that meeting was done.

If the two sermons preached by my father on the last Sabbath of his probation, and to which I have already referred, are a sample, as no doubt they are, of what came after, then his ministry was faithful and earnest in no common degree. He presented habitually, as though he believed them with all his heart, the great fundamental doctrines, ruin, redemption, and regeneration.

I can remember, when a child, being so moved by the earnestness and solemnity of his appeals to the impenitent, as I sat in the pew at the right hand of the pulpit, that I struggled hard to conceal my emotions, fearing that all around would see, and was glad when Monday came, that I might go to school and to play and forget. That he was deeply anxious for the salvation of his people, and that his anxiety grew until it was almost more than he could bear, is a fact of peculiar interest to us. I well remember listening, when very young, to a conversation between my father and a very godly minister, who was a visitor at the house, but whose name is forgotten, on the great revival which wrought such a wonderful change in this town in the year 1816. The thing which made the deepest impression upon me was the statement, by my father, that his anxiety for the salvation of his people became so intense that it was agonizing, insomuch that it seemed to him at last that he could not live unless the Spirit of God was poured out upon the congregation.

And thus, without any revival measures, or any special means, through the faithful preaching of the word by the ordained pastor, and in answer to his earnest prayers, the Spirit was poured upon them from on high, and the whole town was shaken. Quietly and powerfully the work went on until more than a hundred were hopefully converted to Christ, many of whom were fathers and mothers, among the most respectable and influential members of the congregation.

From July to the end of the year 1816, the records of the church are of exceeding interest. On the fourteenth of July ten fathers and mothers were admitted to the church on profession of their faith, and five of them were baptized. Two weeks later sixteen children of these parents were baptized. On the eleventh of August fourteen were admitted on profession, mostly heads of families, and on the eighth of September forty-one persons were received, and seventeen were baptized, of whom thirteen were children. Thus onward to the end of the year, twelve being admitted on the tenth of November, the last communion Sabbath of the year.

The full results of that outpouring of the Spirit of God will not be known till the day of judgment. We may confidently say that its blessed effects are felt to the present time, not only in this church and congregation, but by the whole town. There were other seasons of special religious interest during the forty-six years of my father's ministry, but none comparable to the great awakening of 1816. The entire number received by him to the fellowship of the church in the forty-six years of his ministry, was three hundred and seven, and the number of baptisms, four hundred and eighty-four, mostly children. I think you will sustain me in the assertion that the character of my father's preaching was eminently adapted to promote *sound* conversion. It was not superficial nor sensational, but Biblical, discriminating, and searching; not to the speculative understanding, the proud and self-sufficient reason, but to the conscience and the heart. The fruits of this have been manifest, and are manifest to-day, in the soundness in the faith of the church, its purity of discipline, and its steadfastness in all good ways. During the entire century of its existence, indeed, this church has been little troubled with crotchets and isms, and has manifested the soundness and vigor of its spiritual life in the rapidity of its recovery from any mild attacks of religious weakness or derangement. It had at one time an attack, very mild indeed, of perfectionism, called in our day the "higher Christian life," (it is all the same thing); but the body of the Church was too sound and healthy to be affected by it. Hardly did it get through the skin; and it was very severely let alone. Neither were blisters applied nor purgatives administered, but the body was nourished up in sound doctrine, as aforetime, and in a wonderfully short time almost every trace of the malady disappeared.

I think you will not only bear with me, but add your testimony to the fact, when I say, that I have never known a man who equaled my father in the faculty of holding his tongue. How he combined the utmost meekness of spirit and forbearance of demeanor with a declared decision and firmness of principle, like the great granite mountains round about us,

was to me a mystery, and it is a mystery still. I am quite sure that this whole town of Sanbornton would rise up to-day and bear emphatic witness, that this singular combination of gentleness with decision, was largely the secret of his influence and usefulness.

The first Sunday school was formed in the year 1819. One half of the brief intermission of one hour was devoted to it, and the chief exercise was the repeating of portions of Scripture, and the hymns of Dr. Watts. I am by no means sure that the present methods are, on the whole, any improvement upon that. Of *one* thing, at least, I *am* sure, and it is, that I would not exchange the benefits derived from being compelled by my most excellent mother, sorely against my will, to commit to memory many portions of the Word of God, and not a few of Watts' unequaled hymns, to repeat to my teacher on the Sabbath, for any advantages likely to flow from many of what are pronounced the marvellous improvements of our time.

It might have been expected that such a church as this, and such a community as the people of Sanbornton, would enter with decision and earnestness into the great temperance reformation which brought such unspeakable blessings to our whole nation nearly half a century ago. That they did so, some of us are old enough to remember.

You will permit me to refer to two particular things connected with the movement in this town. As to the first, I quote from the very interesting discourse preached by your present pastor at the funeral of my beloved mother:

“Up to the time of the great temperance reformation in the day of Jonathan Kittredge and Lyman Beecher, it was customary to furnish liquors at all social entertainments, and all the guests partook, ladies as well as gentlemen. The custom was nowhere more fixed than in the very best society in Sanbornton. To inaugurate a change required no small degree of courage. The pastor and his wife conferred earnestly together, and came to the united and firm conclusion that it was their duty, however painful (and it was very painful), to set the example. The opportunity soon came. A large

party was at the house, including the leading families in the congregation. In every similar instance previously, spirits had been brought in at a set time, and had been regarded as an indispensable part of the entertainment. In the present instance the set time came, and it was evident that no change in the good old custom was expected. But they had made their decision fully, finally, and in the sight of God, and there was no wavering. It is well remembered how hearty and earnest was the concurrence of Mrs. Bodwell with her husband, and how profound was the satisfaction she expressed in doing what seemed to be right, even at the risk of giving offence to their best friends. It is believed that this was the first instance of the kind in the society or in the town. How readily the example was followed, and how soon the custom was banished forever from the best families in Sanbornton, is well known to you all."

The other incident is the fact, recently mentioned to me by your senior deacon, that the principles of that great reformation took so strong a hold on the conscience of some of the men who were pillars in this church, that they found no rest until they had abandoned the use of tobacco as well as ardent spirits, and that cost them much the severer struggle of the two. Such men would go to prison and to death for Jesus Christ, and this church has never been without such.

In connection with the educational interests of this community, a very important movement was the incorporation of twelve men by the legislature of 1825 as the "Trustees of Woodman Sanbornton Academy." The members of this church were foremost in the movement, foremost in the raising of funds, and foremost in all measures to sustain the school and to give it a high character.

The benefits it conferred upon the town were incalculable. Some of us who have come from our distant homes back to dear old Sanbornton, our earliest home, to-day, are here to bear witness on this point. For myself, I owe it to Woodman Sanbornton Academy that it was a possible thing for me to secure a liberal education and become a preacher of the

gospel. That it was possible even so, furnishes proof that your pastor, my father, was at once a most unworldly man, and an excellent financier; for I have heard him say that the full amount of his salary, four hundred and fifty dollars, was paid to him only a single year; and how it dwindled, year by year, I need not say: and yet, with no other source of income, he paid off seven hundred dollars of debt after he came to Sanbornton, and bought his land and built his house, and during all the earlier period of his ministry exercised a generous hospitality toward the members of his own congregation, and toward all wayfaring brother ministers and their families. And here I am minded to tell you a fact, which is, that in New England the ministers of the gospel have always been, and are to-day, as a class, of all men the most unworldly, the most hospitable, and the best financiers. If you will search this you shall find it so.

I must say something of the man whose name the academy bore. He was the youngest child but one of your first pastor, and was born March 25th, 1790. My father says of him, in his semi-centennial discourse: "He was a Boston merchant, upright and successful in business, and greatly honored and beloved in the religious community as a man of warm heart, large Christian enterprise, and beautiful devotion in the service of Jesus, his Divine Master. He was a Christian indeed, eminent for piety and active exertions in the cause of God." Mr. Woodman had much to do with the founding of the academy which bore his name, and in securing to it a high Christian character. Doubtless, had his valuable life been prolonged, he would have done much more to build up the institution and make it permanent. He was also one of the founders and original members of the Union Church, in Boston, of which Dr. Nehemiah Adams has been so long the honored pastor, and which was established especially for the maintenance of sound doctrine, at a time when good men were alarmed because of the prevalence of religious error. Mr. Woodman died in the summer of 1826, after a very short and severe sickness, and went to his everlasting reward, leaving many to mourn over the heavy loss to the church of God.

There is another word to be said in regard to the meeting-house on the hill. At a special town-meeting, convened on petition, May 12, 1834, it was decided to adhere to the action taken at the previous March meeting, namely: "to relinquish their right in the town meeting-house." One week later, on the 19th of May that is, men were on the ground to take it down; and on the 24th day of September in the same year, you were assembled in this place to engage in the service of dedication, when a sermon was preached by my father from the text, "And the house which I build is great, for great is our God above all gods." 2 Chron., ii., 5. In it he says: "It is worthy of remark, that there never has been any controversy between different denominations, respecting the house first erected, nor any other house of worship in the town. Though there have been different denominations for more than forty years, yet, through the kind providence of God, the house first erected was occupied by the Congregational Church and Society until last May, when it was taken down for the purpose of building this new house. The taking down of the old house commenced on the nineteenth of May last, the frame of which composes a great part of the frame of this house. In accomplishing this enterprise no accident has occurred, no one of the workmen has been injured so as to be detained from his work a single moment. And now we have to acknowledge the good hand of our God upon us: our eyes behold what we desired; the house is finished, and we are assembled for the solemn purpose of dedicating it to the worship of the one living and true God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The reference made to the kindly relations which had always existed between the different religious denominations reminds me to speak of the beautiful friendship which bound my father and "Elder Crockett" together for so many years. It was a friendship based on a mutual and high respect, and a warm affection. In their frequent intercourse they dwelt less on the things in which they differed, so comparatively unimportant, and more on the grander matters in which they were agreed; and thus they journeyed onward, in a pleasant and mutually

helpful fellowship, toward that happier country where all mists are dispelled from their vision, and the Lamb of God is their Light.

This house stands on the same granite underpinning which supported the other; and so we are on the same material foundations on which the fathers stood, and prayed, and worshipped long ago, and for many years: singing here to-day the same hymns which they sung, and firmly established on the same everlasting spiritual doctrines, and on the same Rock of Ages—Jesus Christ. In the year 1856, during the ministry of Mr. Boutwell, a new and more elegant pulpit was introduced, which is still here unchanged, and during the past season you have made extensive repairs, remodeled the singer's gallery, bringing it down from its former elevation, and replaced the small and very imperfect glass, which was transferred from the old meeting house, with these ampler sashes through which the light shines upon us to-day.

On my return from England, in the autumn of 1850, after an absence of fourteen years, I found my father showing signs of the infirmities which come with advanced age. In the autumn of the next year, after much anxious thought, and at the cost of a severe struggle with his feelings, he rose in a meeting of the church and asked to be dismissed from the charge which he had sustained for the period of forty-five years. The church was surprised and troubled, and sat in silence. They had never been without a pastor for a single day, and they were afraid; and they loved their aged pastor, whose life had been spent in their service. At length one of the fathers rose and said, "We are not ready; the time has not come; we are not prepared to take this step." Again they sat in silence: then voted unanimously not to accede to the request. The minister acquiesced for the time, intimating that the request would be renewed, and leaving them at full liberty to act in the matter whenever they felt ready. They saw plainly that the thing must come, and with a wise and wholesome dread of giving up one pastor until they had found another to take his place, they made inquiry, and conferred with their minister and among themselves. You know

the result. The Rev. James Boutwell, of Brentwood, was called, and on the 24th of June, 1852, was installed by the same council which dissolved the relation that had united pastor and people in a most unusual harmony and love for almost forty-six years.

You remember with what a beautiful grace your old minister came down from the pulpit to the pew, and became thenceforth an attentive and most respectful hearer of the new pastor, and a faithful teacher in the Sunday School ; doing all in his power to hold up the hands of his minister ; preaching for him whenever his doing so was requested as a favor, until, because of great infirmities, the physician positively forbade his preaching any more. How his life-long and beautiful meekness still wrapped him about, as a garment, you remember ; and how all the town, till the last, delighted to speak his name with reverent and loving benedictions, calling him " Father Bodwell, the peacemaker."

Fifteen years ago to-day, which was the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement, he preached in this house, by special request, a semi-centennial discourse, which was published in the summer after his death, with his own few words of farewell, to which he put his name just twelve days before he breathed his last.

His last illness was brief, only a single week. He knew that he was passing away, and was steadfast in his reliance on Christ, filled with peace. He was wont to say that he had learned his theology as a system, from the study of the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism ; and to those grand cardinal truths which that symbol so finely embodies, and which, as you know, he so earnestly preached during the whole course of his ministry, he expressed to me his continued and strong attachment during that last short illness. On the 24th day of March, 1863, not long before the setting of the sun, and when his eighty-sixth year was nearly completed, he fell asleep ; and two days after we laid him to his rest, very near the spot where the Rev. Joseph Woodman, his predecessor, was laid fifty-six years before, and in the lot where now are lying three of his daughters, and the much-loved wife of his youth, the mother of us all.

The ministry of Mr. Boutwell extended over a period of thirteen years, commencing in 1852, and terminating, by his death, in 1865. The sermon at his installation was preached by his intimate friend, the Rev. Erasmus D. Eldredge, of Salisbury. The other principal parts were by the Rev. Messrs. Leach, Savage, Curtice, and Dr. Young.

Mr. Boutwell was a graduate of Dartmouth College, of the class of 1836, and of the class of 1840 in Andover Theological Seminary. He was a man of great decision of character, positive in his convictions, and fearless in expressing them. A fine personal appearance, and a clear, strong voice, gave impressiveness to his pulpit ministrations. He soon became known and respected among all the neighboring churches. During the thirteen years of his ministry, Mr. Boutwell admitted sixty persons to the fellowship of the church, baptized thirty-two, infant and adult, united thirty-six couples in the bonds of matrimony, and attended ninety-four funerals.

His latest labors were beyond his strength, and were discharged by virtue of a resolute will. Consumption had laid hold of him with inexorable grasp, yet he struggled against it and hoped against hope, willing to labor yet longer, if God would permit, for the people of his charge and his numerous young family. When all hope was given up, and he had entered his pulpit for the last time, on the first Sabbath in March, 1865, and administered the Sacrament and given his farewell words, I saw and conversed with him repeatedly, and he expressed no wish but that the will of God should be done. His death occurred on the 21st of April, 1865, and, at the age of fifty, he was gathered to his fathers, the two former pastors of this church, in the graveyard on the hill, where they all will rest till the morning of the resurrection.

The death of Mr. Boutwell left the church in a condition entirely new. From the day of its organization, on the 13th of November, 1771, to that 21st of April, 1865, the long period of ninety-four years, it had not been a single day without a pastor. But the God of our fathers did not forget his covenant. You do not any the less acknowledge the peculiar mercy of the dispensation, because the bracing air of these

glorious hills, and hardly less, perhaps, an eye to see and a soul to appreciate their wondrous beauty, first attracted to Sanbornton the man in the enjoyment of whose able pulpit ministrations, and faithful and loving pastoral oversight, you are so blest and happy. God grant the day may be far distant when it will be a thing in season to sum up HIS labors, or to attempt his portraiture. He is dearer to my heart, as I doubt not he is to yours, for the reason that, short as the time is, comparatively, since he first set foot in Sanbornton, he has told us much more of the magnificent mountains round about us than we ever knew before. It is required of me to say, also, that for the things of chiefest value in this address, I am largely indebted to his enthusiastic interest in this centennial day, and his patient and discriminating research in the records of the church and the town.

The voice of your present pastor was heard by you, preaching Christ from this pulpit, for the first time, on the first Sabbath in October, 1865. The question of health in the highly bracing atmosphere of these everlasting hills, was, as you know, a vital question with him ; and so it came about that, as you found in him so much more than can reasonably be expected from a stated supply, and he seemed to you so like a pastor, the matter of his settlement was suffered to be in abeyance, and he was not installed till the 11th day of June, 1868. On that day, almost sixteen years from the day of the settlement of his predecessor, the Rev. Moses Thurston Runnels was constituted your pastor by solemn service of installation in this house. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. M. Stone ; the Rev. Liba Conant offered the prayer of installation ; the Rev. W. T. Savage, D. D., gave the charge to the pastor ; the right hand of fellowship was by the Rev. Joseph Blake, and the address to the people by the Rev. C. Burnham.

Mr. Runnels has been with you, therefore, six years as your minister, and about three years and a half as your pastor. During the entire period, thirty-one persons have been received by him into the fellowship of the church, to fourteen of whom the ordinance of baptism was administered. Fourteen children have also been baptized by him, making the total number

of baptisms twenty-eight. He has united twenty-one couples in holy matrimony, and officiated at the funerals of fifty-four persons, the age of the youngest being six hours, and of the oldest, ninety years; twenty-four were above seventy years of age; ten were above eighty, and one, as has been said, was above ninety, while the average age of the whole number was fifty-six years.

These things are embraced in the first hundred years of your history; but the thing of deepest interest in relation to your present pastor, is the fact that he is the connecting link between two centuries. To you, brethren beloved of the church, with your deacons, Abraham Bodwell Sanborn and Joseph Emery; and Moses Thurston Runnels, your pastor, God has assigned the peculiar privilege to complete the old century and usher in the new.

Were it not that your pastor is present, there are some words which would seem to me fitting to put in this centennial discourse. I should not need to tell you, what you so very well know and appreciate, that his preaching is characterized, not only by marked intellectual ability and accurate and varied scholarship, but by a true spiritual insight, and a tender affection for all the members of his flock. Neither do you need to be reminded how conscientious and true he is in his pastoral visitation, especially in the house of sorrow and the chamber of death. If it is true that the mantles of the departed fall on the living, then it would seem to me that the beautiful mantle of my father's meekness rests on him, and that, if my sainted father is permitted to look upon this church to-day, a more joyous note sounds from his golden harp, for that he sees the place where he stood so long, now occupied by a man peculiarly after his own heart. These things I would have said if your pastor had not been present.

You are entering on the second century of your existence as a church, in circumstances of peculiar hopefulness. The record of the past is such as should awaken devoutest thanksgiving. A hundred years ago to-day, seven earnest, Christian men subscribed their names to the covenant which stands on

first page of your earliest records, were constituted a church of the living God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, and received with thankfulness and joy their first ascension gift in the settlement of a pastor. Four hundred and sixty persons have been admitted to its communion as members since, making four hundred and sixty-seven in all. Of this entire number, and during the period of one hundred years, only twelve have been finally excommunicated. Your present number, as carefully revised by your pastor, is one hundred and seventeen, of whom fifteen are absent, leaving one hundred and two resident members. Strong attachment to the great doctrines of the Cross, a deep interest in Christian ordinances, and a steady maintenance of the monthly concert, the Sabbath school, and the weekly prayer meeting, have run, like so many golden threads, through all your history; while stated contributions to the great benevolent enterprises of modern times have been hardly less a thing of course with you than the support of your own minister. While many other churches have been rent by strifes and divisions, bringing disastrous blight on their spiritual prosperity, to the great dishonor of Jesus Christ, and the destruction of the souls of men, you have been at peace among yourselves. Is it not a remarkable fact, calling for thanksgiving to God for his superabounding grace, that, in the entire period of one hundred years, a council has never once been called for the adjustment of difficulties in this beloved church?

Four of your number have been preachers of the gospel and pastors of churches of the same faith and order as your own. Two of the four have gone to their rest and reward, and two are here to-day, to participate with joy in the exercises of this centennial anniversary. How many of your children, born, baptized, and converted here, have gone away to be active members or deacons in other Christian churches, I am unable to say. The number, we know, has not been small. Some of these, too, have come from their distant homes to visit once more their fathers' graves, and to mingle their thanksgivings and prayers with yours on this auspicious day. Those fathers' graves, and mothers', too: how inexpressibly

dear to our hearts ! The time would fail us only to mention their names to-day. They are graven indelibly on our memories, a goodly company. Their beautiful consistency, and their steadfast, patient, Christian life, we can never forget.

There are some of you, venerable fathers, with the companions of your youth, hastening to join that blessed company, who well remember that reverend man who was ordained first pastor of this church one hundred years ago to-day : how he placed his hands on your heads and blessed you. So there may be children of this church, yet unborn, who shall stand a hundred years hence where we stand now, the small remnant of a generation that shall have passed away, and point to the name, now last, but which will then stand full high on the list of pastors who will have preached Christ's glorious gospel in this place, and tell, with loving remembrance, how his kind hand was laid on their heads, and his pleasant voice carried words of heavenly wisdom to their hearts. We may not know. But there is a higher thought. It is, of the mighty changes which are surely coming among the nations, and in the kingdom of Christ, during the next one hundred years. In this, your centennial year, great events have happened, which we may not attempt to interpret, but which are full of significance. That Franco-Prussian war, with its untold horrors and rivers of human blood ; the humbling of the pride and beauty of that gay metropolis, whose sorceries have corrupted the nations ; the death-blow dealt to the hoary papacy, in the overthrow of the temporal power of its arrogant and impious head ; and, not least, the awful visitation of God in the destruction by fire of the Empire City of the West, simultaneously with that of villages and immense forests far beyond : in all these, assuredly, we must acknowledge signs of the coming of Him by whom and for whom this church exists, and of that happier day when the kingdom, and the dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High.

EXERCISES AT THE TOWN HALL.

[See Appendix, Note E.]

Blessing invoked at the table by the Rev. George D. Ballentine, of the First Baptist Church.

After dinner, the compass and chain by which the town of Sanbornton was originally laid out, (1750-52), furnished by Dr. John H. Sanborn, of Meredith Village, were exhibited to the audience. Also the Treatise on Surveying, styled "Geodæsia, or the Art of Surveying Made Easy," and bearing the imprint of "London, 1753," by the aid of which Sergt. John Sanborn, the first who settled in town, was accustomed to "run his lines" in the capacity of "lot layer."

To show under what difficulties and hardships the new settlers labored, near the time of the organizing of this First Church, the "Petition of Jan. 1768," was read by Mr. Runnels, in which *all* the then inhabitants of the town, bewailing in pathetic terms their hard lot, pray of his Excellency, John Wentworth, Esq., Governor, &c., to be released for a year or two from paying the customary "Province Tax."

A copy of the "Association Test" of Sanbornton, furnished by Mr. Charles W. Colby, was also exhibited, in which *all* the citizens then in town *but one* (under date of July 3, 1776) pledge themselves to "oppose with arms the hostile attempts of the British Fleets and Armies."

The Marshal next delivered a brief address of welcome, stating the joy and satisfaction which it afforded the present members of the Church and Parish to greet and try to entertain their friends from abroad on this occasion. He wished to have all feel free, like children at a family re-union, and to indulge in their remembrances of the past.

Though he should call for the "regular *toasts*," prepared by the Pastor for this occasion, he would also invite volunteer sentiments, reminiscences or remarks *at any time*. He also stated that inasmuch as we have now assembled in the Town Hall the exercises might in

in a measure partake of the more general character of a *Town Celebration*.

TOASTS.

[See Appendix, Note F.]

(1.) "The younger Congregational Churches of Franklin and of Tilton. They may well regard this Centenary Church of Sanbornton, in part at least, as the mother of them both. Though they must increase while she may decrease, yet let the bonds of a common faith and a common polity ever tenderly unite this trio of churches to one another, and to Christ."

Response by the Rev. Theo. C. Pratt, of Tilton, who began by saying that the Rev. Mr. Curtice, his predecessor, or the Rev. Dr. Savage, of Franklin, were they present, as had been expected, might more appropriately respond to this sentiment; "for they have known you a quarter of a century or more, while I am but a babe of less than two years in my acquaintance with you. However, as children are allowed at family gatherings to say something, I would add, as a representative of the Church of Northfield and Tilton, that we are not ashamed of the mother church at Sanbornton Square, but rather proud of our connection with the noble men whose lives have been referred to so touchingly and appropriately in the address of the day."

In conclusion he reminded the company that little had been said of the mothers and sisters in Israel and much of the fathers and brothers; he also playfully criticised the orator in this respect; but being informed that the omission would be made good, he yielded the floor.

(2.) "Our sister churches of other names in Sanbornton and vicinity. May they cast the mantle of charity over that mistaken affection which *would* have retained them *longer* than seemed desirable within the old family circle of the original Church.

Now, as for many years past, may we all as churches walk together 'in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace.'"

Responded to by Rev. Geo. D. Ballentine, of the First Baptist Church, Sanbornton, and Rev. E. P. Moulton, of the Free Will Baptist Church, Union Bridge.

Mr. Ballentine said: "Like my friend who has just preceded me, I feel that I am but a child in knowledge, so far as the history of the neighboring churches is concerned, having been a resident in town but a little over a year. But in behalf of my own church, and for myself,

I can say that we most cordially extend to this church and their beloved pastor, both our hearts and our hands in the great interests of our common Lord and Master. I can freely add that I have felt as much *at home* to-day, as I should have done at a similar gathering in my own denomination. I was deeply interested in the very able address made this forenoon by Dr. Bodwell, and think that this church has abundant reason to be thankful for the very remarkable degree of prosperity which they have enjoyed for the century which has just come to so successful a close."

Mr. Moulton's remarks not reported.

(3.) "The two first deacons of this Church, Benjamin Darling and Nathaniel Tilton. For both were we indebted to *that part* of the original parish which now holds up the name of one of the two—through his numerous and influential descendants—the name of 'Tilton.'"

The Rev. C. W. Millen, of the Methodist Church, Tilton, responded substantially as follows :

"This sentiment would more naturally fall upon some one of the descendants of the old Dea. Tilton, inasmuch as we have them with us. However, it gives me pleasure to have some part in the festivities of this occasion. The eminence we occupy to-day enables us to survey one hundred eventful years in connection with this grand old town.

I observed in Dr. Bodwell's discourse that the Sanborns played a prominent part in its early history, and I have taken it for granted that the town took its name from them. In this section they resided, and here was the centre of commercial enterprise ; but the manufacturing facilities of the valley drew the people thither, and at length the most populous part of Sanbornton was that portion now called Tilton, from the fact that the Tiltons were involved, to a great extent, in the prosperity of the village. In that part of old Sanbornton it seems the first deacons of this church resided. I am glad that a century ago the Tiltons were noted for their piety. They are now noted, at least, for their wealth. There is an intimate relation between piety and prosperity ; even between the piety of parents and the prosperity of children. Deacon Nathaniel Tilton, I doubt not, was like Nathaniel of old, 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.' His children, 'blessed after him,' I hope will yet become deacons themselves ; at least be in every way qualified for the office—'grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre, holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.'

The other deacon was Benjamin Darling. It appears that he also

lived in the same portion of the town. His descendants, I think, are not numerous in this section. I remember of having read of a *darling Benjamin*, but this seems to have been a *Benjamin Darling*. I suppose as the former was the *darling son* of his father, so the latter was the *darling father* of a numerous offspring.

May the memory of each of these deacons—so green to-day—be cherished a hundred years to come.”

Capt. Jonathan P. Sanborn, also from Tilton, corrected the impression, in part entertained by the last speaker, that Sanbornton was so named because of the great number of *settlers* by that name; rather because many of the *proprietors* were Sanborns. He also stated the fact that during a portion of the first winter, his grand-father, Sergt. John Sanborn, already mentioned, spent in that part of Sanbornton, which is now Tilton, no less than *five families* were domiciled in the single room which he had finished off in his house, the beds being turned up in the day time and entirely covering the floor at night!

This prepared the way for the next sentiment. (See Appendix, Note G.)

(4.) “The Sanborns of our ancient town. Prominent alike among its original grantees, its earliest settlers and its most distinguished, useful and exemplary citizens, ‘through all their generations.’ *Their* name is most appropriately as well as permanently embalmed in the name of *Sanbornton*.”

Response by N. H. Sanborn, Esq., of Franklin: “I should have been glad had some abler name-sake been called to respond to this sentiment.

I am proud of the family name of Sanborn you have so generously honored, and I venerate the fathers for having left us so good a name. I rejoice to be numbered among the sons of “Old Sanbornton,” and I still claim to be a citizen of Sanbornton as it was, although a more recent reconstruction of municipal lines places my residence in a neighboring town. The name of Sanborn, so far as we are able to trace it, originated with John Sanborn, of Derbyshire, England. He was born about 1600, and married a daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachilor, by whom he had three sons.

Two of these, John and William Sanborn, better known as Lieut. John and Esq. William, settled permanently in Hampton; and from them have descended the large family of Sanborns in this country—their descendants numbering more than 5000. As a race they have been robust, industrious and frugal; and although they may not have attained distinguished eminence, they have left us a family name

alike creditable for respectability and honesty. John Sanborn, of Hampton, grand-son of Esq. William, obtained the original grant of the township of Sanbornton (dated December 31, 1748,) from the proprietors of lands purchased of John Tufton Mason. His name stands at the head of the long list of the *grantees* of the town, in honor of whose *family* name the town was called.

He was a man of ability and influence, and represented the town of Hampton for many years in the Provincial Government.

One of the first concerns of the early settlers of the town was to provide for and maintain religious public worship, and to establish the Christian Church, on the faith and polity of the Pilgrim fathers. We meet to-day to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the accomplishment of that noble purpose.

Of the seven original members of the church then established, four bear the Sanborn name, and the records of the church for the past century show that more than one hundred of the same name have been enrolled among its members.

What a power for good has resulted from the planting of this church! Who can estimate its influence in moulding the character and institutions of this town which for so long a time took high rank among the towns of the State!

I am glad to be with you to-day in this re-union of the sons of old Sanbornton, to commemorate the noble work of the Fathers, who, amid the difficulties and hardships of a new settlement far removed into the interior, sacrificed so much to establish here the principles of the Christian faith, and lay the foundation of the future prosperity and happiness of the town.

In conclusion allow me to congratulate you on the success and felicity of this occasion, and to thank you for the generous hospitality and the friendship and cordiality that have characterized the entire celebration."

(5.) "The Hon. Nathan Taylor, foremost among the then citizens of Sanbornton in the war of the Revolution: foremost in peace, and foremost both in the esteem of his fellow townsmen, and in the hearts of his Christian brethren of this church."

The Rev. Frederic T. Perkins being called upon remarked that he would cheerfully respond to the sentiment proposed as best he could; for that it seemed to him befitting the character of that noble man, who in many respects strongly resembled the "Father of our Country," and also because of a just pride in him as a relative, and as one of the noblest citizens and most perfect Christian gentlemen that ever

lived in the town. That portrait of the Hon. Nathan Taylor brings up before us a man of fine symmetrical form, of graceful and dignified manners; and, though of great decision and energy, yet also of great courtesy and refinement; a beautiful type of the Christian gentleman who commanded the respect of all. We all felt honored and improved by his presence; and gladly would we have shown him the respect formerly paid to "Priest Woodman," as, on the Lord's day, he approached the meeting-house, when, all arranged in file, stood with uncovered heads, as he passed in. No other man ever so impressed upon this community the beautiful lesson of Christian courtesy as did Mr. Taylor.

Recognized as a man of sound judgment and pure motives, he was respected and trusted by all.

In all local affairs, his words, though few, had great weight; and his judgment, when given, was, with many, decisive. He was called to fill many positions of responsibility and honor. He was a man of the purest patriotism. Entered the army at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, served his country well, bore his scar of honor through life, and the pension to which entitled he nobly refused till the death of his father, (also an officer in the army,) saying that "one pension in a family was enough."

The speaker thought that by virtue of his connection, through his father, with the Hon. Nathan Taylor, and with old "Master Perkins," and through his mother, with old Doctor Sanborn, and that grand woman, the Doctor's wife, he had about as much of Sanborn-ton in him as any other living man! Alluding to the interest felt in the historical address he said: "The Lord makes some very queer things; and Brother Bodwell here is one of them. He is *very dry looking*, and yet we sat two whole hours listening to him—and it did not seem long—so intensely interested were we in his discourse! There was not a *dry* thing in it! And my good brother here, though so lean, is—as was his discourse—all full of the sweet juices of wit and humor. But as to swallowing all he said about the size of the old meeting-house on the hill, as only 60 by 43 feet; all that won't go down! Just as if any body who ever saw that old house were to believe any such thing! That stately old house, not so large as this newer one! Why, that was the biggest house ever seen! How high it stood! How grand it looked to all the people on this side of the circling hills, from the Gilford to the Ragged Mountains."

The speaker said he had seen the Trinity and other large churches in New York, (where they have many big things, besides big thieves and

other political rascals,) and the large churches of Chicago which the flames have made so small; but never saw any that seemed half so large as the "old meeting-house" on the hill! Why, so large was it, that to help the sound, so that the minister could be heard by all the people, there was that curious thing up over the minister's head! The great interest felt by the youngsters in that "sounding board," was in the fact that it *looked* as though it might *come down* some day! and our speculations used to be on the probable results to the minister's head, being wickedly curious to see how it would strike!

Among other notable things about the old meeting-house, reference was made to the *great singing* of those days. We hear famous singers, choirs and choruses, in our day; but nothing like the singing up there in that old gallery, under the lead and inspiration of Charles Jesse Stewart. How he loomed up—all full of music from head to foot—fit to be the leader of Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthan; with "Dea. Joe," Robert Hunkins, Mr. Ordway, Mary Edmunds, Betsy Brown, Julia Morrison and others; how they used to sing! O, for an old "fugue" by such a choir, as in those days made the great house tremble from top to bottom!

After some other playful remarks, the thought was seriously and earnestly presented that the cumulative influences and forces of the past have come down to make the present generation what it is; that what we have received of good we are bound to transmit; that by what we are and do we help shape the character of coming generations; that we should improve upon the past and make the future better than the present; so that the blessing of the God of our fathers and mothers may, with ever increasing richness, rest upon our beloved old church and town.

(6.) "The oldest present member of this church, and the oldest living *citizen* of the town;—a wonderful instance of a cheerful, useful and vigorous old age—himself the grand-son of the first and longest continued instructor of youth in Sanbornton. May he ever be young."

The venerable Capt. John B. Perkins, in response to the above, came forward to the stand with the sprightliness of youth, amid the applause of the audience and humorously remarked:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,"

(renewed applause) alluding to the fact that this was the first time he had ever attempted to make a public speech. "Although," said he, "I shall be 88 years of age the 16th of next May, almost old enough to

be reckoned among the *aborigines*, from whom they used to tell me I was descended!"

He then spoke of his well-remembered school days under the instruction of his grand-father, "Master" Abraham Perkins, when the days of his going home from school *without* a flogging were the exception and not the rule, and were always attended as he left the school-room, with a peculiarly grateful sensation!

He acknowledged that he was the young man alluded to by Dr. Bodwell in his address, who was selling "the ardent" or rather aiding in that work, on the day of his father's ordination; but pleaded in extenuation the great difference in public sentiment between that age and the present.

"Formerly everybody drank, and the standard of respectability was found not, as now, in total abstinence, but in being able after partaking of the usual drams, to go through the door of the room (pointing to the door with his cane) without hitting both sides of the entrance!"

In conclusion, he again gratefully alluded to the good old age to which a kind Providence had spared him, and to the satisfaction he took in being present on this centennial anniversary of his beloved church, together with the companion of his youth, now nearly as old as himself, and with all three of their children.

This, for popular effect, was decidedly *the* speech of the occasion, to which his son, the Rev. F. T. Perkins, added: "When the marshal of the day intimated to me that he was about to call out my father for a speech, and that perhaps it might be well for me to follow him with a few words, I supposed it was on the idea that the old gentleman might "get stuck" or "break down," or something of that sort. If he had any such apprehension, I am quite sure he will not have the next time when he may call him out. For plainly the youngish gentleman has outdone us all, and I am very confident that with time and practice he will be able to make his own speeches. This, his opening speech, shows that he may come to something yet."

(7.) "Prominent among the officers of the town and of the church, ever loved and respected in the sacred ministry, and in various private walks of life, appears the name of *Lane*."

Response by Dea. Redford W. Lane, of Nashua, who spoke of the commingled feelings of pleasure and sadness he experienced on being present on that occasion. It gave him pleasure to look upon

the hills and the valleys that in former days were so familiar, and which remained unchanged, as also many of the dwellings, appearing very much as in the days of his boyhood; but there was a feeling of sadness in the thought of the great changes that had taken place in the occupants of those dwellings. There was pleasure, too, in meeting and exchanging cordial greetings with so many of his former friends and acquaintances, but a shade of sadness in the thought that, in all probability, it would be his last and only opportunity of so doing with most of them. As they had been invited by the marshal to talk over the remembrances of the past, he related some of his recollections of the old meeting house upon the hill, with its broad aisle from the entrance in front to the elevated pulpit in the rear, with gallery in front for the singers and extending around upon either side, with the square pews upon the wall where unruly boys would sometimes so forget the proprieties of the time and place as to occasion an admonition by a loud rap from some sober minded person present, calling their attention to the fact as well as that of the congregation, and designating them by the pointing of his finger. In those days "we had no bell to admonish us of the time for commencing services, and making our way to church on Sabbath morning from the neighborhood where I resided, when we came in sight of the residence of the Hon. Nathan Taylor, (already alluded to, whose portrait hangs before you,) and saw his horse harnessed to the chaise and standing at the door ready to take the family to meeting, we were all right, for he was not only constant in attendance but prompt as to time."

"The good people of Sanbornton then attended the sanctuary through the cold winter season without any of the conveniences and comforts of the present day, with no relief from the stinging cold as they sat there through the long service except the small foot stoves brought by some of the ladies with a few coals from the hearth, to keep their feet warm; and yet there were as few then who would allow themselves to be detained from attending public worship on account of inclement weather as there are now, when we have our meeting houses warmed and made comfortable."

(NOTE.—Had there been time the speaker would have alluded to the Lanes of Sanbornton. Four brothers, Samuel, John, David, and Joshua,—sons of John Lane, of Kensington,—settled in Sanbornton prior to 1800. Of these, Samuel was the 3d Deacon of the church and a man of rare benevolence and excellence of character. John S. Lane, the sixth child of Dea. Samuel, was also a deacon of the

church [see Appendix, notes B. and H.]. The widow of a fifth brother, Joseph, with her nine children, moved to town in 1813. Of these children were the Rev. Joseph Lane,—first a missionary among the Indians, then a pastor in Franklin three years, and lastly Secretary of the New Hampshire Bible Society ten years, till his death in 1850,—Richard Lane, an earnest Christian who was deacon of this church for 14 years,—and the speaker, of whom, as we go to press, we are pained thus early to make the following announcement from the *Boston Journal* of March 18th: “Mr. R. W. Lane, one of the first citizens of Nashua, N. H., and for 22 years Clerk of the Jackson Manufacturing Company, died on the 16th inst., after a brief illness of pneumonia, aged 63 years. Mr. Lane was a deacon in the Pearl street Congregational Church, and a kindly gentleman of manifold virtues, whose sudden death has cast a gloom over the community.”)

At this stage of the meeting the orator of the day improved his opportunity to reply to the Rev. Mr. Perkins, and said: “It is evident from his remarks that my brother Perkins thinks he is better looking than I am. I admit it, and I can tell you the reason; his ancestors were born in Sanbornton, mine were not. There can be little doubt that if my grandfathers and grandmothers had been born among these hills, as his were, I should have been nearly as handsome as my brother, and as portly as our friend Dea. Bodwell Sanborn.

I can assure you that I was a very goodlooking individual in my earlier days. When I was a boy, in the Academy we had an “exhibition” at the close of the term, and as the part of a young lady was assigned to me, I had to appear in female costume, and the Hon. Nathan Taylor, to whom my brother has alluded, mistook me for the prettiest girl in town. I grew very homely after that.

I want to say another word, in pursuance of the second sentiment and the remarks of Bro. Ballentine,—about good “Elder Crockett,” whom I so well remember. His benevolent countenance and large head sat on ample shoulders. He wore top boots and breeches, and sat well in the saddle, riding a horse which appeared as if it had been made to order for his particular use, and carrying always a stout cane with a crook. In this way he and my father rode many miles together over these pleasant hills, and very beautiful was their mutual love and friendship, which lasted till death separated them. They met often in social circles, and would be seated side by side at the tea table, when Elder Crockett would become so absorbed, as on

one occasion, in conversation with my father, that he would press closer and closer to him, and at last quite unconsciously appropriate his cup of tea!

Some of you remember the singing to which our brother Perkins has referred, in that old meeting-house on the hill. My impressions quite agree with his. There was the choir of men and women that nearly filled the front of the long gallery opposite the pulpit, with the accompaniment of stringed instruments and sometimes of flute, clarionet, and bassoon besides.

How well I remember the portly form of Dea. Joseph Sanborn, with bass voice like the stop of an organ, and Richard Hazleton, with tenor of surpassing purity and sweetness, and Betsy Brown, whose rich soprano suited well the beauty of her countenance, and many others of varied excellence, all under the grand leadership of Charles Jesse Stuart, the lawyer, who stood so erect and proudly at their head, the green plaid cloak, which was the fashion of the day, hanging carelessly from his ample shoulders. Don't you remember old "Denmark" on Thanksgiving day?

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

I was a child then, and I have not often heard singing since which has moved me as that did. As I look back it seems to have made quite as large a part of the pleasures of my Thanksgiving day as plumb pudding and mince pie.

I think I may say that the singers in this congregation in those days were rather remarkable, both for time and tune. Yet they sometimes made mistakes. You remember "Uncle William," the father of Deacon Joseph Sanborn, who used to sit in the square corner pew, next to that of Lieut. Perkins. A man of stalwart proportions and great muscular power, who came to meeting in breeches, his ample calves covered with those thick woolen stockings, colored to deep blue in the "dye pot," always standing in the chimney corner of the huge fire place, in every farm house in that day, his broad shoulders covered by a drab great coat of stout English cloth, which no rain could penetrate. That coat is still extant. Our friend Deacon Bodwell Sanborn, the grandson, finds it an excellent protection when he has to go in a heavy rain storm to fetch the cows.

Uncle William had been a grand singer in his day, but had retired from the singers' gallery to the family pew. On a certain pleasant Sunday, as the large choir were laboring under stress of evident difficulty through one of Watts' unequalled hymns, the old man was observed to be uneasy in his seat, and gazing with a troubled counte-

nance at the singers, till at last, unable to bear it any longer, he rose to his full height, and said in clear tones and with unmistakable emphasis, "You hain't got the right pitch, and you make an awful noise!"

I must not sit down without saying another word about this town of Sanbornton, so surpassingly beautiful, and so dear to all her sons and daughters wheresoever in the wide world they go. I remember when its boundaries were, to a large extent, the waters of the Winnepisogee and the Pemigewasset, and how I used to stand on "Meeting-house Hill" on a bright autumn morning and gaze on the beautiful wreath of fog that lay along the great valleys and indicated the course of the rivers and the boundaries of my native town. I do not accept the changes which have been made, and, above all, the neighborhood where are dwelling to-day the descendants of those noble men who gave its name to the town, is Sanbornton still, and must always be Sanbornton. To call it by another name is, to me, as if you should erase from the stone which stands above the grave of the first minister of the town the revered name of Woodman, and engrave Smith or Johnson instead. But I have no right to be talking here after your very kind and patient attention to my long address in the other house, and so I sit down."

* * * * *

(8.) "The Deacon who always used to occupy the "Deacon's seat" in the old hill meetinghouse, Dea. Benjamin Philbrick. We welcome among us to-day another Philbrick, a son of this parish who has gone up higher, to the sacred desk."

(It was expected that the Rev. Nathan P. Philbrick, of Northfield, would have responded to this sentiment, but he had been called away on account of illness. Dea. Philbrick was one of seven brothers who settled in the southeast part of the town.)

(9.) "The Prescotts of old Sanbornton, who used to travel six miles on horseback by *families* every Sabbath, from the most remote and rugged corner of the town, to attend this sanctuary of our God."

(Dea. Joseph Prescott, of Hill, grandson of Maj. Joseph, who first settled in the New State (northwest corner of town), was prepared to respond, but had been obliged to leave on account of the lateness of the hour.)

(10.) "The ladies of our united towns. Formerly accustomed to play skillfully upon the hand loom and spinning wheel, as their chief instruments of music; now, though in great measure having exchanged these for the piano-forte and the sewing machine, yet we know they

will not forget their relations to us of the sterner sex as our wives and daughters, our sisters and mothers."

Response by Mr. Richard Ward, of Boston. "Looking back as far as I can, I see upon the uncarpeted, unpainted floors piles of wool, or flax, or tow. I see the big high spinning wheel and the low linen wheel; the quilling wheel and swifts; the loom, with big beam, little beam, harness, and reed. I see the warp wound tightly round the beam and stretching forward through the harness and reed; the quill box full of wound quills, and the shuttle beside the box. And there, on a thick, hard plank seat or bench, I see a Sanbornton woman with her two feet upon the treadles. Half the warp goes up and half down, and at each change in the warp the shuttle flies through and through with the filling. Noble, loving mothers of noble, loving daughters!

Use is the end of all God's works and words, and these women were truly useful.

By short stages or removes they had found their way through the Wilderness from Hampton Beach to Kelley's Ledge. Their wanderings and hardships had worn off the old English polish, but not a jot of the pure, warm love in their hearts had been lost. They could take good care of 8, 10, or 12 children and one at the breast, do all their housework, spin or weave a maid's stent, and have strength to brag of it at night.

What is a modern factory with 500 spindles compared to 50 of these women?

The men resolved and voted that "ye meetinghouse shall be raised and boarded before" such a day. But it wasn't.

The women resolved, and then carded, spun, dyed, wove, cut, and made their husbands' and sons' clothes, and voted them into the clothes, and they were there on or before the day named in their resolve. Where did these good women get their marvelous strength? From the Lord of Hosts. He gives it to all those who will look to Him and desire it to use, to do good work. * * * * * Their daughters are now scattered from Sanbornton Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, from Hunkin's Pond to the mouth of the Oregon, and from Salmon Brook Mountains to the gold hills of California, blessing hundreds of useful and delightful homes, and there are a "few more left." A few are here to-day, and others as good,—God bless them all—to cheer our eyes, grasp our hands, strengthen our hearts, and warm our stomachs. Women *just like* those who fought their way up here among these woods, mountains, rocks, and snowdrifts are

not needed now. To-day a piano, or a centre table covered with books and papers, pictures, pen, ink, and paper, are better than a loom or a spinning wheel. If the women of to-day are more like angels, then the world has advanced; for the Lord gives all a life in this world that they may fit themselves here to become angels in His heaven."

(11.) "The physicians of Sanbornton, among whom especially the names of a March, a Sanborn, a Gerrish, a Hill, a Carr, and an Abbott, can never be forgotten."

The lateness of the hour and the disappearance of the resident physicians prevented a response.

(12.) "The teachers of Sanbornton and the Preceptors of the Woodman Sanbornton Academy," would have called forth from Dr. Bodwell, formerly a "Preceptor," a tribute to his first instructor, "who taught him his letters," Miss Estlier Sanborn, she being present on the occasion.

Also from Rev. Mr. Perkins, a tribute to the memory of *his* first instructor, "Master Colby," (Benjamin Colby, Jun.,) some of whose children were present. But none of those pleasant reminiscences could be indulged, for the sun of that joyous day had set, the evening twilight was approaching, and with pensive yet happy hearts, the meeting was "adjourned for 100 years," all knowing full well that they must lie down in their graves, long before the next Centennial should occur.

APPENDIX.

Note "A."

A committee to superintend the decorations of the meeting-house had previously been chosen at a meeting of "those interested in the Centennial," consisting of Mr. H. P. Wilson, Miss Ruth C. Bodwell, and Mrs. Mary P. Carr. It was afterwards noticed that this committee were, very happily, the present residents and occupants at the several homesteads of the three first pastors, the two last on the committee being daughters of the second and third pastors. Great credit is due to the committee for their well-timed and persevering efforts, and to the ladies who assisted them in the work of decoration.

A brief account of the manner in which the interior of the meeting-house was adorned may be of interest in future years. Directly in the rear of the pulpit—center of the end wall—was a large heavily-wrought cross of evergreen, with white flowers. Above this, the name of "WOODMAN;" on its right, "BODWELL," on its left, "BOUTWELL," and underneath, "RUNNELS;" the whole encircled over the top by the words, "OUR PASTORS." A little below the cross, and extending along the wall on either side, was the following, in one line:

"1771. ONE GENERATION PASSETH AWAY AND ANOTHER GENERATION
COMETH. 1871."

preceded by the portrait of Hon. Nathan Taylor encompassed with evergreen, and followed by that of his great grand-daughter, when a child; the present Mrs. John H. Morse, of Methuen, Mass. At the right of the pulpit, on the side wall, was a portrait of Rev. A. Bodwell, opposite which, on the left, was the motto, "CHRIST IS ALL." Two large photographs of the second and third pastors, Messrs. Bodwell and Boutwell, were suspended from the desk, in front. The windows and doors were arched with thick evergreen festoons; while in the rear of the house, over the doors and singers' seats, the two flags, English and American, were gracefully suspended, meeting in the center; the former opposite "1771," showing that our fathers were then under the English government, and the latter opposite "1871." The word "PRAISE," beautifully wrought, appeared behind the choir, and at their right, an evergreen monogram, "I. H. S.," (*Jesus Hominum Salvator*). All the lettering was wrought with thick evergreen, except the names of the three first pastors, for which cedar sprigs were used, giving them a dimmer aspect, suggestive of the past.

 Note "B."

The Church Sabbath school was first organized the first Sunday of May, 1819, though Mr. Bodwell had previously sustained a "Catechetical Society." We learn, from certificates and prizes for reciting verses now found with a few of our aged church members, that the Hon. Nathan Taylor was that year "President of the Sunday School Association," and John Lane, 3d, (afterwards Deacon John S. Lane) "Conductor." About the same time and afterwards branch schools were carried on by Deacon Joseph and Simeon Sanborn, on the Sanborn Road; by Ebenezer Sanborn and Deacon Benjamin Philbrick, near Union Bridge; and by Benjamin Robinson, Mrs. Jacob March, and Mrs. Jacob Hersey, on Calef Hill.

Deacon J. S. Lane continued superintendent of the main school "most of the time," till 1847, though Dr. Thomas P. Hill, Woodman Emery, and different Preceptors in the Academy, are remembered to have served during brief periods each. No authentic records, till 1847, when Dr. James B. Abbott was first chosen superintendent of the Sunday school, and re-elected by the church for sixteen consecutive years. David C. Clough, the present esteemed superintendent, has served since 1863.

 Note "C."

Jonathan M. Taylor, Esq., had previously been elected Marshal of the day, to conduct the general exercises and preside in the Town Hall; which he did in an appropriate and acceptable manner.

 Note "D."

The singing for both days was furnished by the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. John S. Sanborn, who had at that time served in the capacity of chorister, with singular fidelity, for more than thirty years—nearly one-third of the century.

The choristers who preceded Mr. Sanborn, so far as remembered, were Jonathan Perkins, Benjamin Sanborn, Col. Jeremiah Tilton, Ebenezer Sanborn, Charles J. Stewart, Esq., Richard Hazelton, Simeon Sanborn, Dr. Thomas P. Hill, and Abraham B. Sanborn, whose average terms of service could not have exceeded seven or eight years each.

 Note "E."

A committee of four gentlemen and four ladies, representing four parts of the parish, was also chosen at the preliminary meeting, to provide an entertainment in the Town Hall, and to decorate the same in a suitable manner. This committee consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Sanborn, for the Sanborn Road in Tilton; Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Lane, for the Square; Mr. and Mrs. Otis S. Sanborn, for the Hunkins District; and Mr. Albert M. Osgood and Miss Louise Emery, for the Calef Hill. These all bore the names of such as were prominent in the early history of the church and society, Mr. N. Sanborn being a great-grandson of Mr. Ebenezer Sanborn, one of the grantees of the town, and still occupying, in part,

the soil granted ; Mr. O. S. Sanborn being a great-grandson of Esquire Daniel Sanborn, the first justice of the peace and prominent town officer ; and Mr. Joshua Lane being a grandson of "Master" Joshua Lane, who was town clerk during the first twenty-one years of the present century. That successful and most praiseworthy part of the celebration which pertained to the Town Hall, on Monday, is largely due to the unwearied exertions and good taste of this committee.

"The bountiful collation" was justly commended in the "*Concord Statesman*" of November 16th, which declares that "turkeys, chickens, meats, bread, pies, and cake were provided in such profusion that it would require no miracle to take up any number of baskets of fragments after that multitude had fed."

To convey some idea of the decorations which made the old Town Hall appear so much like fairy-land, let the following notes suffice. Two large evergreen trees on either side the desk ; ten small trees on the sides of the house ; and fifteen ditto completely disguising the old gallery. Heavy evergreen festoons all around the room ; the same double in front of the gallery, with eight wreaths hung from the festoons—one in each window. Six lines of similar festoons culminating in the center of the ceiling and extending to the four corners and two sides. Mottoes (in evergreen): right of desk, "SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?" On the left, place occupied by the singers, "PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW." Front of the gallery, "OUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY?" Arch over the table, "WELCOME."

The following full-sized portraits were also hung in the Town Hall: in center, back of the desk, Hon. Nathan Taylor, Capt. Asa Currier, Ebenezer Sanborn, and Jeremiah Sanborn ; on south side of desk, Dr. John Carr and Thomas Taylor. On the north side, Dr. James B. Abbott and Noah Eastman, Esq., besides two smaller portraits in front of the desk, of Jonathan Sanborn and Jonathan H. Taylor. To these many others might have been added, had the numerous specimens of the skill of Sanbornton's distinguished artist, Mr. Walter Ingalls, scattered among the families of town, been called into requisition.

Note "F."

Responses to these sentiments are variously reported, and this may add to the variety of the compilation.

Copies or abstracts of the speeches were solicited from all the speakers.

The replies of some were very meagre, of others considerably modified or amplified. Some were given in the first person, others in the third person.

The form of address used by the speakers is omitted.

Quotation marks are employed when the language is believed to be identical or nearly so with what was uttered ; and the whole may be regarded as a fair expression, for substance, of what was actually said, as reported by the speakers themselves.

Note "G."

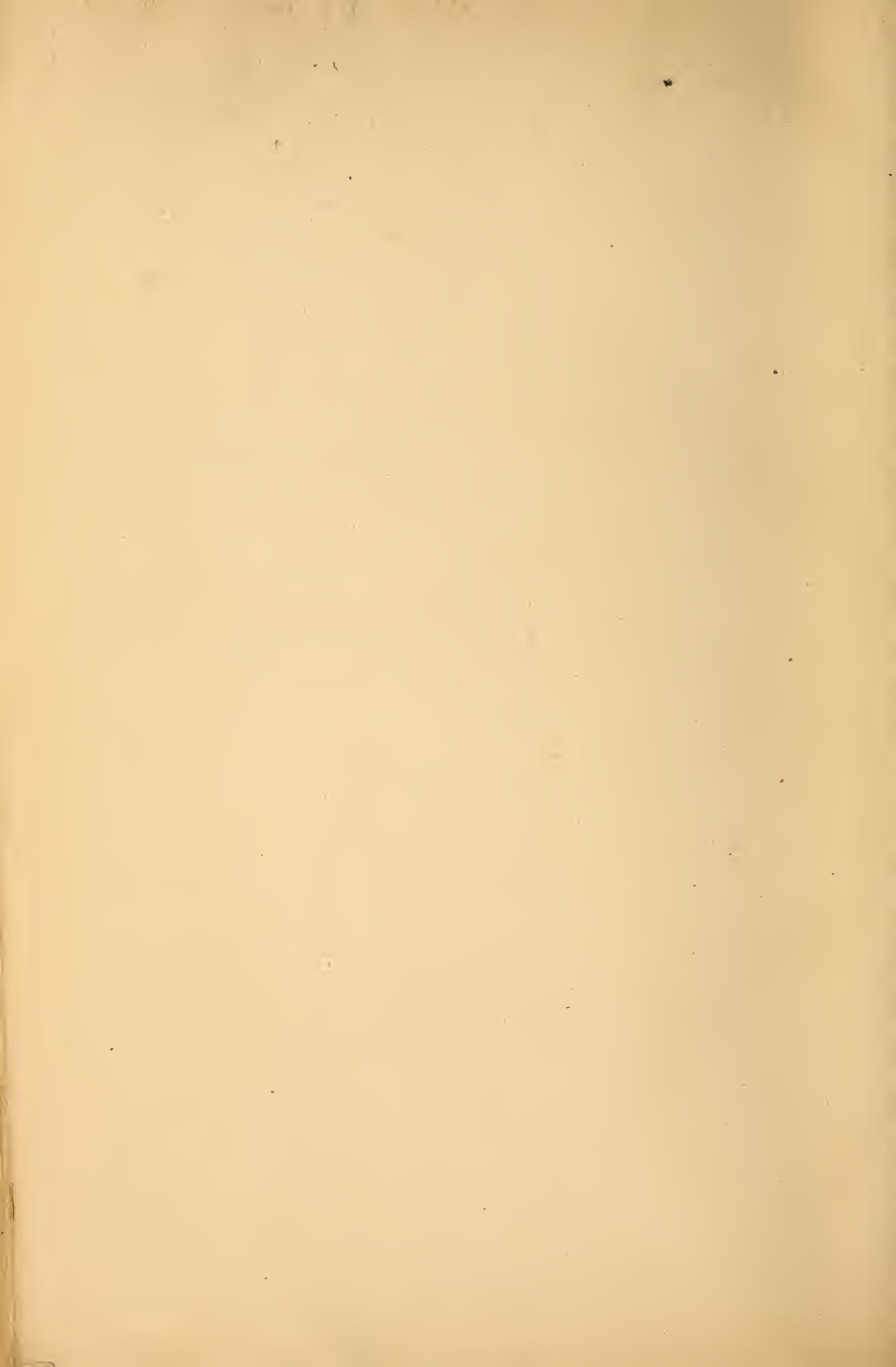
This and the five following sentiments allude to certain family names, especially to such as were most numerous both in the church and in the town, and represented different sections of the town some of whose descendants also, from abroad, bearing the same names, were expected at the Centennial Anniversary.

Many other names might have been complimented in a similar way, had time permitted. The names of Calef, Cate, Clark, Colby, Durgin, Dearborn, Eastman, Emery, Gale, Hunkins, Hersey, Jaques, Moulton, Morrison, March, Thompson, Weeks, and others, have occupied honorable places as members of the church and society. Of Josiah Emery, Esq., it may be added that he was a prominent member of the church after 1775, having married Rebecca, the sister of Rev. Mr. Woodman. The names of the seven original members of the church were James Cate, Deacon Benjamin Darling, Daniel Sanborn, Esq., Josiah Sanborn, Aaron Sanborn, Abijah Sanborn, and Deacon Nathaniel Tilton, the third, fifth, and sixth being brothers.

Note "H."

A LIST OF THE DEACONS.

	Appointed.	Retired.
BENJAMIN DARLING, - - -	Jan. 2, 1772,	
NATHANIEL TILTON, - - -	Jan. 2, 1772,	May 8, 1811
SAMUEL LANE, - - -		Aug. 1811
BENJAMIN PHILBRICK, - - -	1811,	April 3, 1837
SIMEON MOULTON, - - -	April 30, 1812,	May 21, 1821
JOSEPH SANBORN, - - -	Jan. 10, 1817,	April 3, 1837
MOSES EMERY, - - -	July 5, 1821,	April 3, 1837
JOHN S. LANE, - - -	May 13, 1837,	May 13, 1848
RICHARD LANE, - - -	May 13, 1837,	May 25, 1851
JAMES B. ABBOTT, M. D., - -	July 8, 1848,	July 6, 1870
ABRAHAM B. SANBORN, - - -	June 1, 1851,	
JOSEPH EMERY, - - -	Sept. 3, 1870	



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